John Hilton. 1652.

John Hilton. 1652.

To all Lovers of Musick.

I Hold it needleſs to boaſt the Approbations that have been formerly given by Great Perſons, both to teſtifie and augment, the Life and Honour of this liberal Science, the earthly ſolace of mans ſoul; and in particular, to delights of this Nature, ſuch as you ſhall find in this ſmall Volumne, which I dare ſtile Muſicall, and in themſelves ſweet and harmonious, and full of harmeleſs Recreation, and to all that love and underſtand Muſick, the true ſence and value of them will ſo appeare; of which I boaſt not, further then you ſhall pleaſe to judge. As for the Rounds, they have, and may ſhift for themſelves; ſo might the Catches too in theſe Times, when Catches and Catchers were never ſo much in requeſt; all kind of Catches are abroad; Catch that Catch may, Catch that Catch can, Catch upon Catch, thine Catch it, and mine Catch it; And theſe Catches, alſo which I have now publiſhed by importunity of Friends to be free for all mens catching; only my wiſhes are, that they who are true Catchers indeed, may catch them for their delight; and may they that deſire to learn, catch them for their inſtruction: But let thoſe that catch at them with detraction (as that is a catching diſeaſe) catch only the fruits of their own Envy. I am confident, they that cannot make better, cannot injure theſe, which your favourable Acceptance may make good to him that is your Friend,

JOHN HILTON.

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A Table of the Catches, Rounds, and Canons in this Book.

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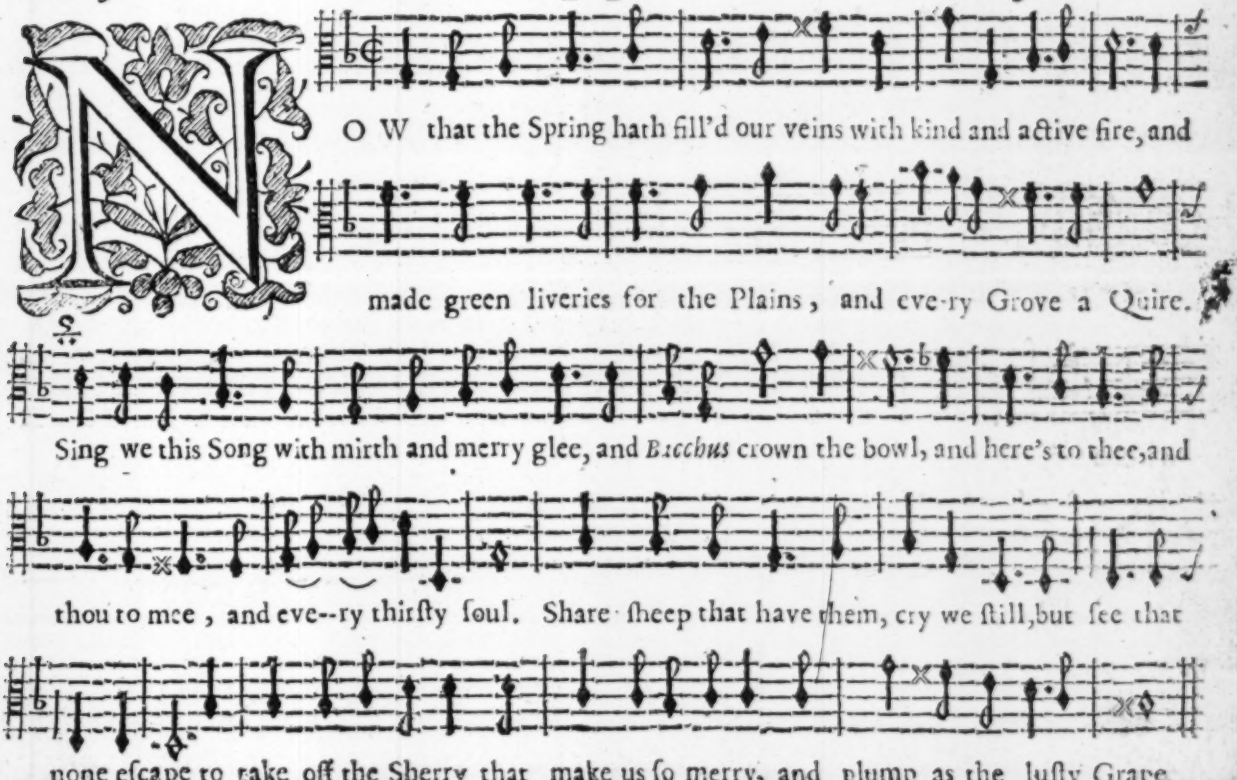
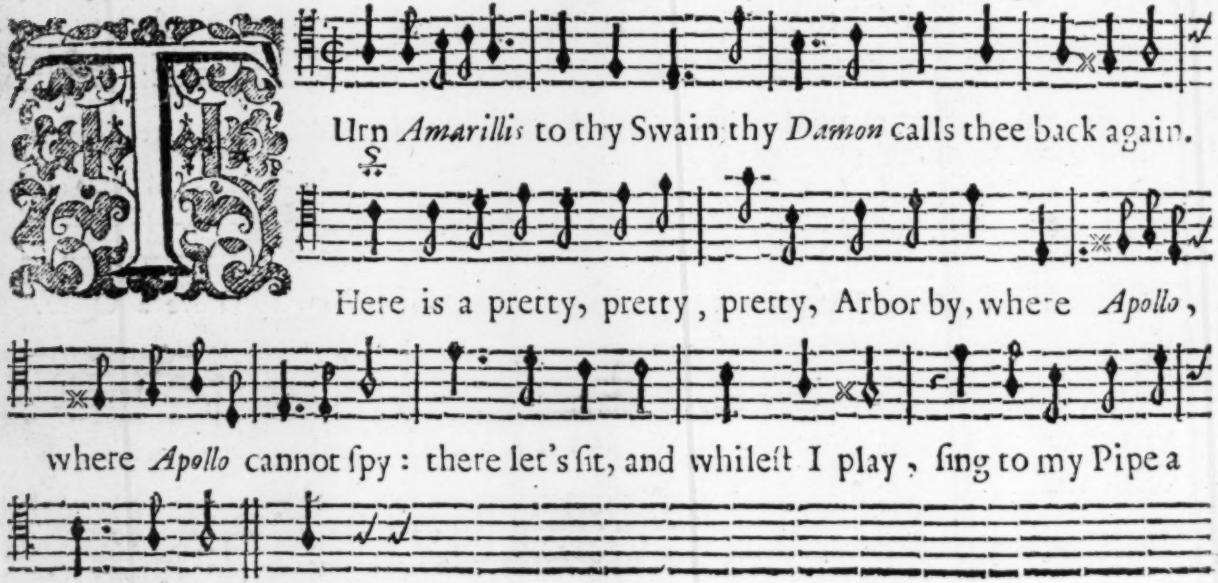
FINIS.

To the READER.

FOr the Information of ſuch as know not the Nature or manner of ſinging *Catches* or *Canons*, which are, *Three parts in one*; They are to obſerve that the firſt man begins and ſings alone to the ſignature and ſo forward. The ſecond man obſerves that when the firſt is at that Note which has this ſignature over or under it (which is thus marked 𝄋 or thus :S:) then he begins and ſings it round as the firſt did; The third obſerving, that when the ſecond is at the ſame Note with the ſignature over or under it, he begins alſo and ſings as the other, each man ſinging his part round four or five times. *Vale. J. P.*

CAtches are Catches, be they better or worſe,
And theſe may prove hopeful if not ſpoil'd at Nurſe:
It's therefore deſired if any do halt,
That the Judicious may ſet right the Fault,
In time by this means, they may walk without Cruches,
And merrily pleaſe you for your Charge, which not much is.


NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and
made green liveries for the Plains, and eve-ry Grove a Quire.
Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee, and *Bacchus* crown the bowl, and here's to thee, and
thou to mee, and eve--ry thirſty ſoul. Share ſheep that have them, cry we ſtill, but ſee that
none eſcape to take off the Sherry that make us ſo merry, and plump as the luſty Grape.


Turn Amarillis to thy Swain thy Damon calls thee back again.
Here is a pretty, pretty, pretty, Arbor by, where Apollo,
where Apollo cannot spy: there let's sit, and whilest I play, sing to my Pipe a
round delay. Turn, &c.

S there be three blew Beans in a blew Bladder, and thrice three rounds in a long Ladder: As there be three nooks in a corner Cap, and three corners and one in a Map: Ev'n ſo like unto theſe there be three Univerſities, *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and *James*. As there be, &c.

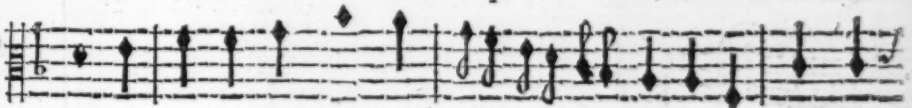
Enny ſhe now ſmiles on me poor *Willy* kens no where to be;

for now my joy mounts high up to the ſtarry skye,

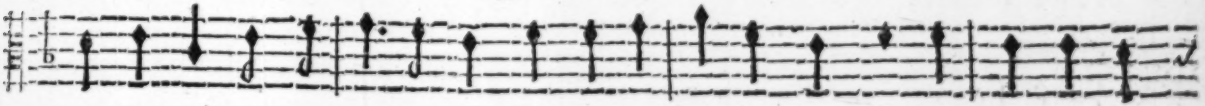
but one frown coming from her angry eye, tumbles me down, tumbles me

wn, alack poor *Willy*, there lig I. *Jenny*, &c.

Ale *ab Alendo*, thou Liquor of life, would I had a

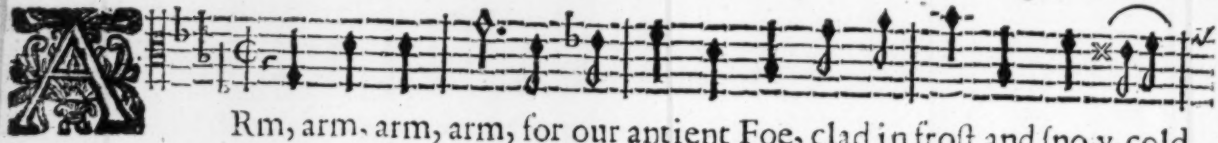


mouth as big as a Whale, but mine is too little to sound the



least tittle, that belongs to the praise of a Pot of good Ale: although it will

never be as big as I wish, yet stil ile endevour to drink like a Fish. O Ale, &c.



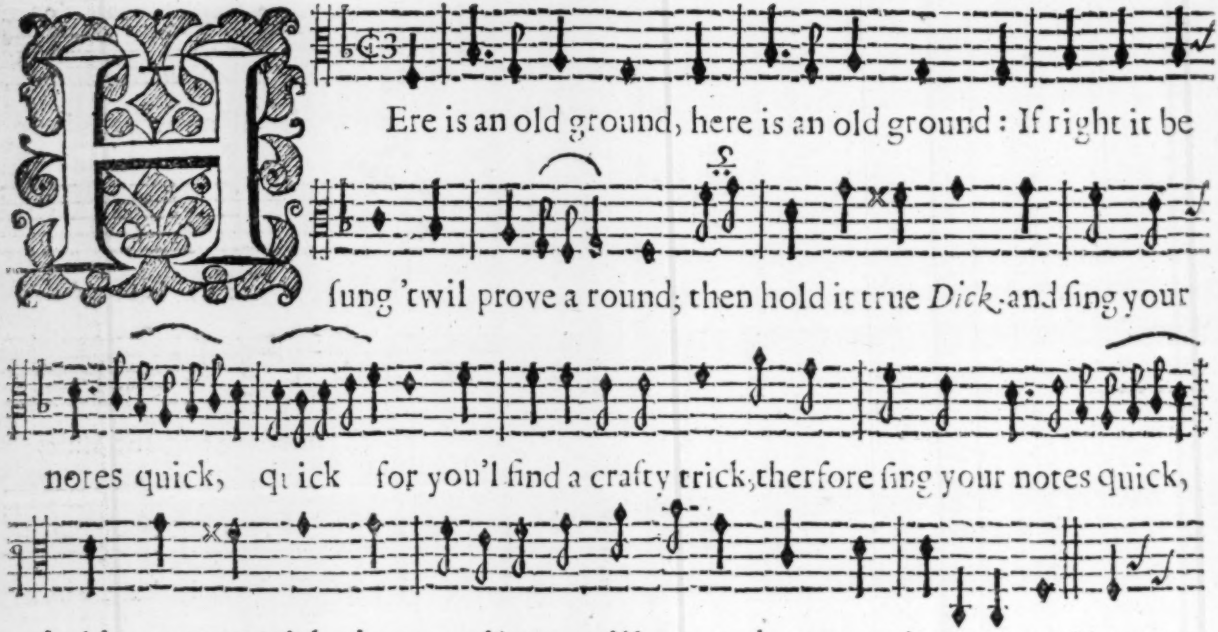
Arm, arm, arm, arm, for our antient Foe, clad in froſt and ſnow, cold

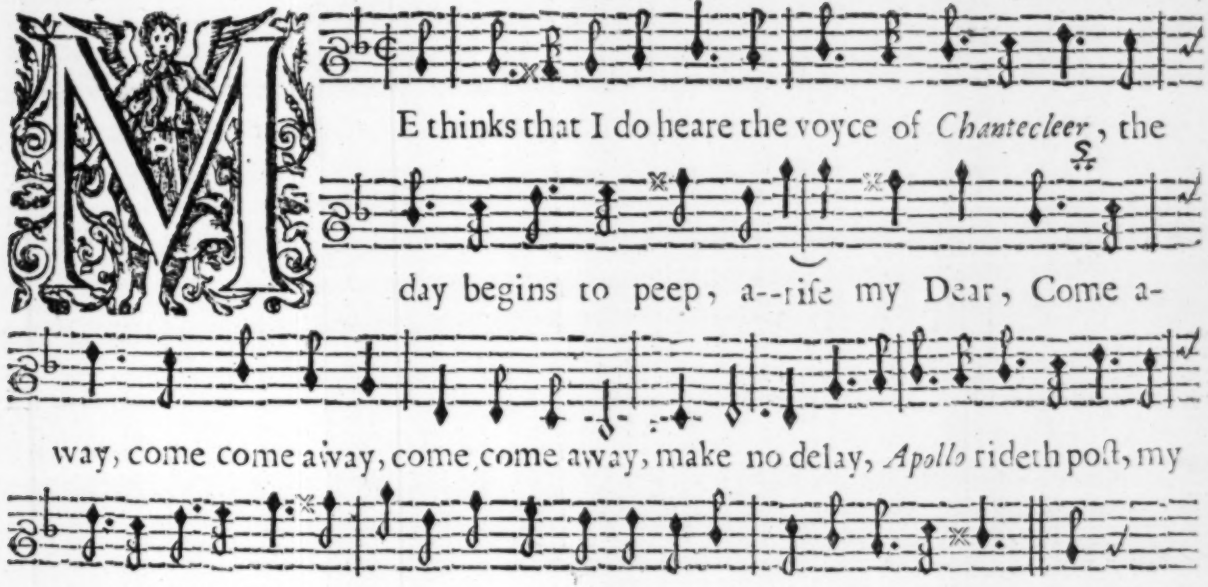
Winter now appears: Here is Wine and fire, on then brave boys, this will

make him retire, if he dare come near; truſt to Sack, not ſteel, what though it

makes you Ree--------le, twittle, twattle, fills another pottle. Arm, arm, arm, &c.

Our merry Poets old boys of *Aganippes* Well, full many tales have told boys, whoſe liquor doth excell, and how that place was haunted by thoſe that lov'd good Wine, who tippl'd there and chaunted and chaunted among the Muſes nine, where ſtill they cry'd, Drink cleer boys and you ſhall quickly, quickly know it, that 'tis not lowzy Beer boys, but Wine that makes a Po-et.


Here is an old ground, here is an old ground: If right it be
ſung 'twil prove a round; then hold it true *Dick*, and ſing your
notes quick, quick for you'l find a crafty trick, therfore ſing your notes quick,
hold true your prick, then merrily we will agree, three parts in U-ni-ty. Here, &c.


ME thinks that I do heare the voyce of *Chantecleer*, the
day begins to peep, a--riſe my Dear, Come a-
way, come come away, come come away, make no delay, *Apollo* rideth poſt, my
love is almoſt loſt, a-laſs, alack, and wel a day, was ever man thus croſt? Me, &c.

Ongſt all thoſe pretious juices afforded for our uſes, ther's none to

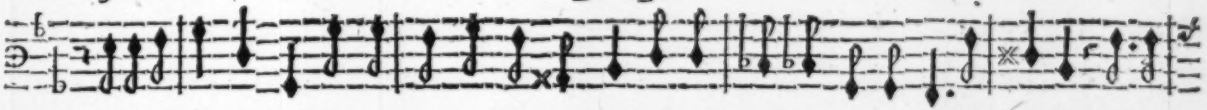
be compar'd with Sack, for the body or the mind, no ſuch Phyſick

you ſhall find; therefore ſee boy we do not lack: Wouldſt thou hit a lofty ſtrain, with this

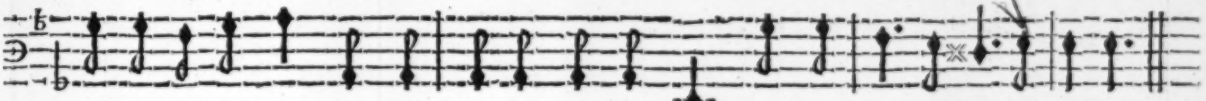
liquor warm thy brain, and thou Swain ſhalt ſing as ſweet as *Sidney*; Or wouldſt thou

laugh and be fat, there's not any like to that, to make *Jack Sprat* a man of Kidney.

a. 3. Voc.

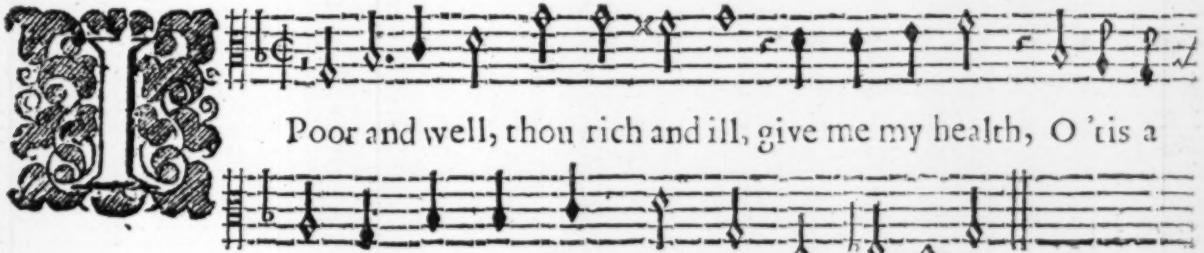


It is the ſoul of mirth to poor mortals upon earth: It wil make a Coward bold as *Hector*; nay I



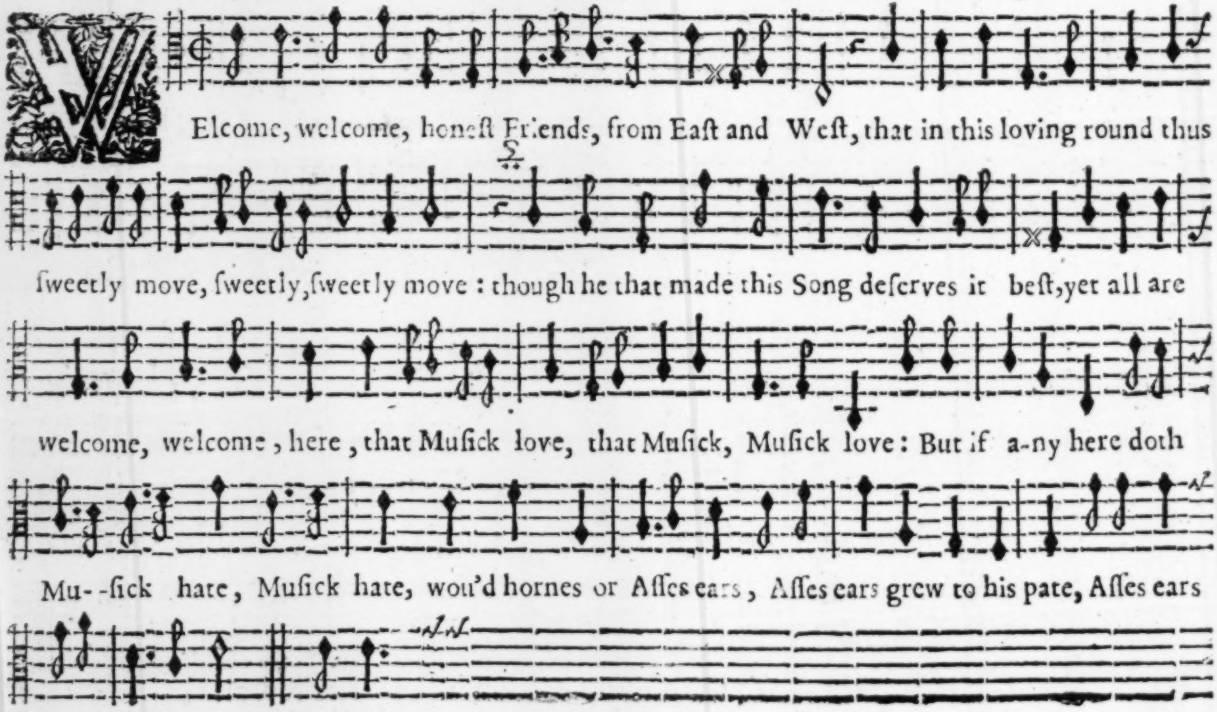
wager durſt a Peece, that thoſe merry Gods of *Greece*, drank old Sack and call'd it *Nectar*.

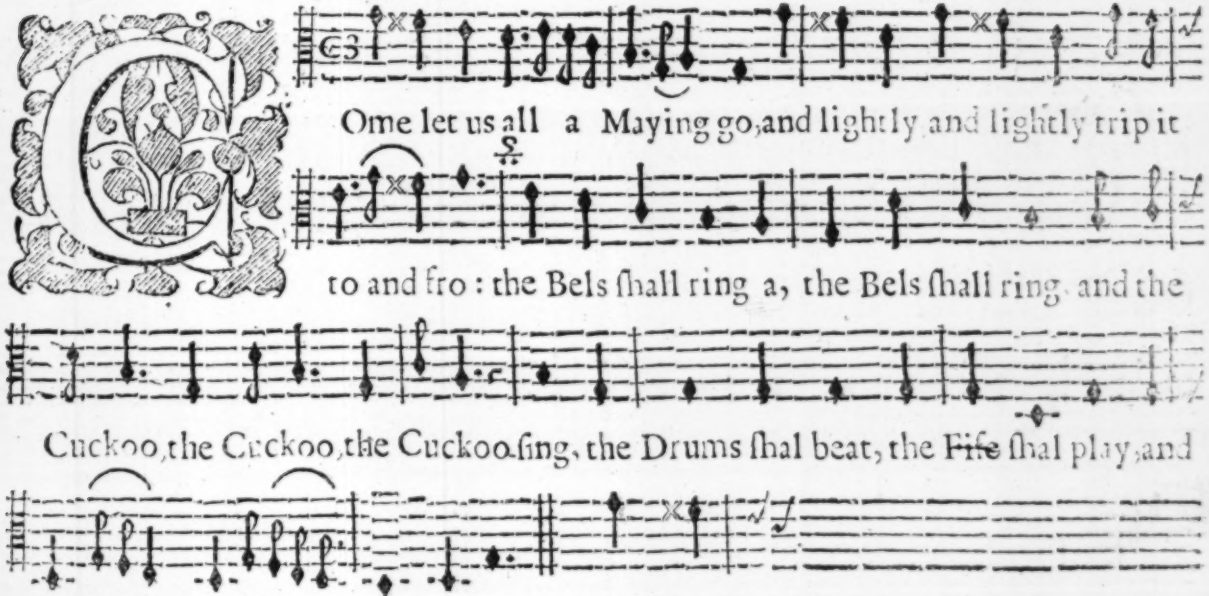
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*

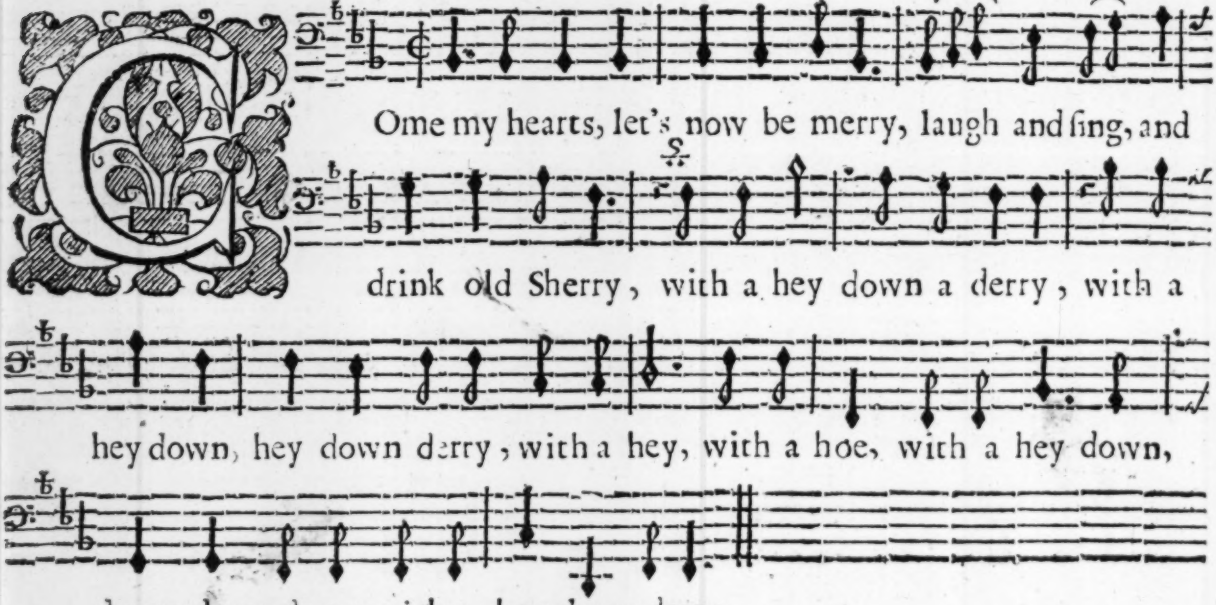


Poor and well, thou rich and ill, give me my health, O 'tis a

Jewel! Take thou thy wealth, and buy the fewel.


Welcome, welcome, honeſt Friends, from Eaſt and Weſt, that in this loving round thus
ſweetly move, ſweetly, ſweetly move: though he that made this Song deſerves it beſt, yet all are
welcome, welcome, here, that Muſick love, that Muſick, Muſick love: But if a-ny here doth
Mu--ſick hate, Muſick hate, wou'd hornes or Aſſes ears, Aſſes ears grew to his pate, Aſſes ears
grew to his pate. Welcom, &c.


Come let us all a Maying go, and lightly and lightly trip it
to and fro: the Bels ſhall ring a, the Bels ſhall ring, and the
Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo ſing, the Drums ſhal beat, the Fife ſhal play, and
to wee'l ſpend our time away. Come let, &c.


Come my hearts, let's now be merry, laugh and sing, and
drink old Sherry, with a hey down a derry, with a
hey down, hey down derry, with a hey, with a hoe, with a hey down,
down, down derry, with a hey down derry.

Ome follow, follow mee, come follow, follow mee, & we will to the Tavern go with
:S:
mirth and merry glee: we'l each man take his Cup, what ever us be-fall, and
we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: then let us merry be, be merry my noble
hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry, and we'l ſing well our parts. Come, &c.

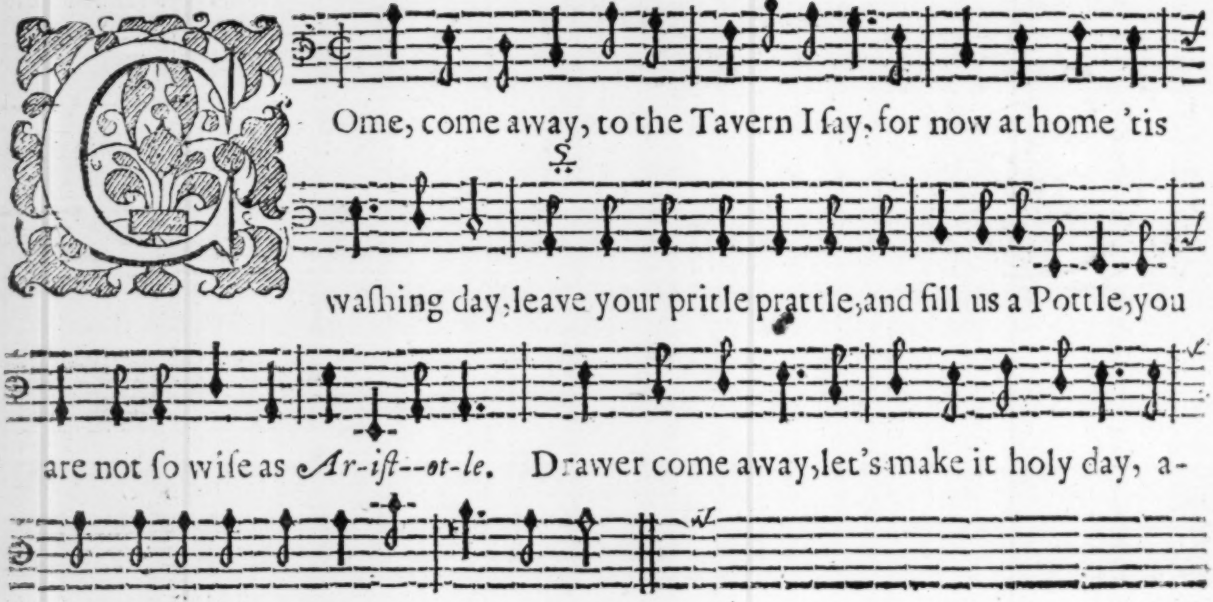
Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow mee,

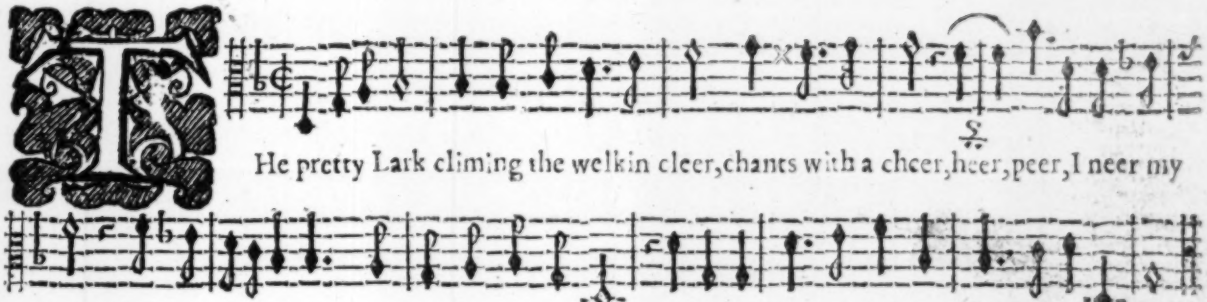
whither ſhall I follow, follow, follow, whither ſhall I follow,

follow thee? to the Gallow, gallow, gallow, to the gal--low gallow tree.

Wee have oft been Rogues together,
Now we muſt hang 'twixt winde and weather:
We have oft time nipt a Bung boy
Neatly, neatly, in a throng boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a throng boy.

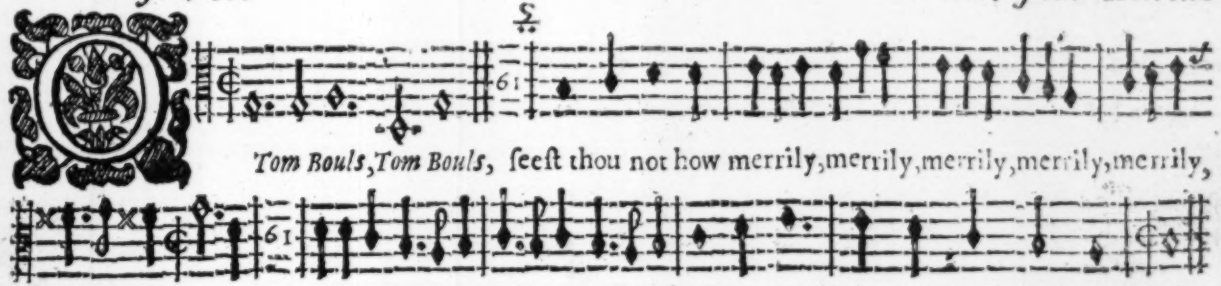
All *George* again Boy, call *George* again, and for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again. *George* is a good Boy, and draws us good Wine, then fill us more Clarret our wits to refine. *George* is a brave Lad, and an honest man, if you will know him, he dwels at the Swan.


Come, come away, to the Tavern I ſay, for now at home 'tis
waſhing day, leave your pritle prattle, and fill us a Pottle, you
are not ſo wiſe as Ar-iſt--ot-le. Drawer come away, let's make it holy day, a-
non, anon, anon, Sir, what is't you ſay?



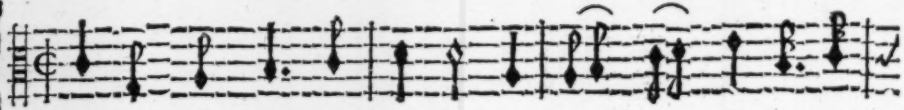
He pretty Lark climing the welkin cleer, chants with a cheer, heer, peer, I neer my deer, then fall-ing thence, her fall ſhe ſeems to rue, adue, ſhe ſaith, a due deer, deer, a due, a due.

a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *John Hilton.*

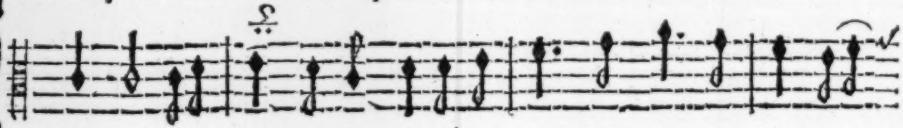


Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls, ſeeſt thou not how merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, mer-ri--ly: ah how merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily: ah this good, good, good, good, good, Ale trowls

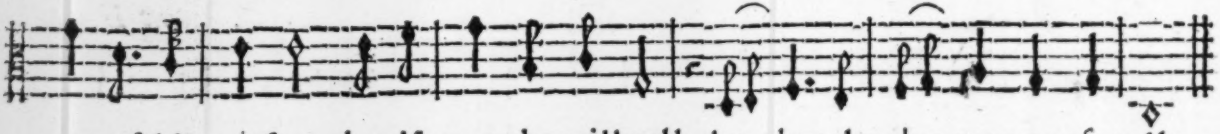
a. 3. Voc. [21] Mr. *John Hilton.*



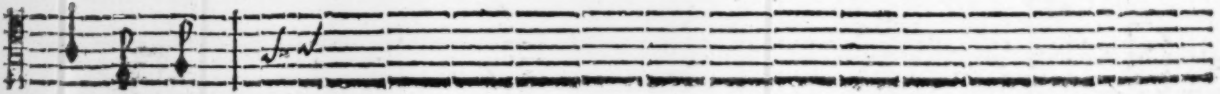
F you will drink for pleaſure, let each man take off his



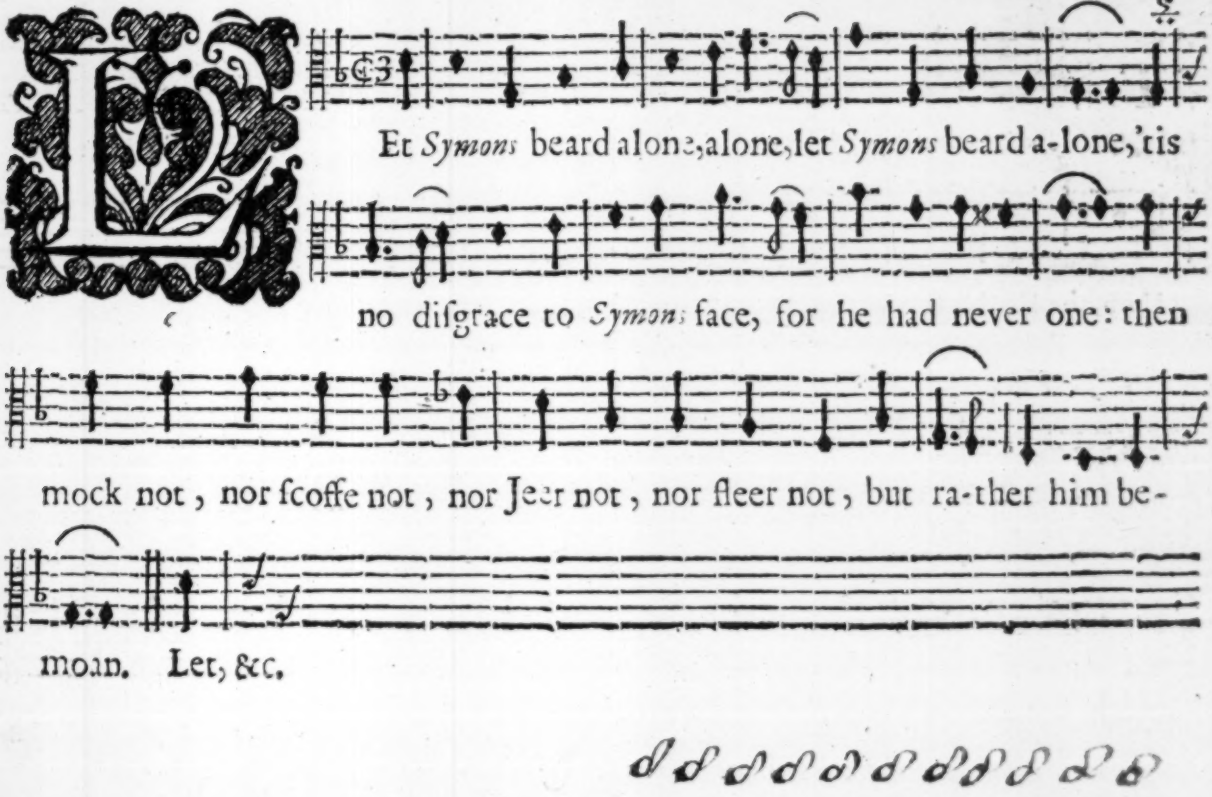
meaſure, a pint and begon, is enough for one to drink and

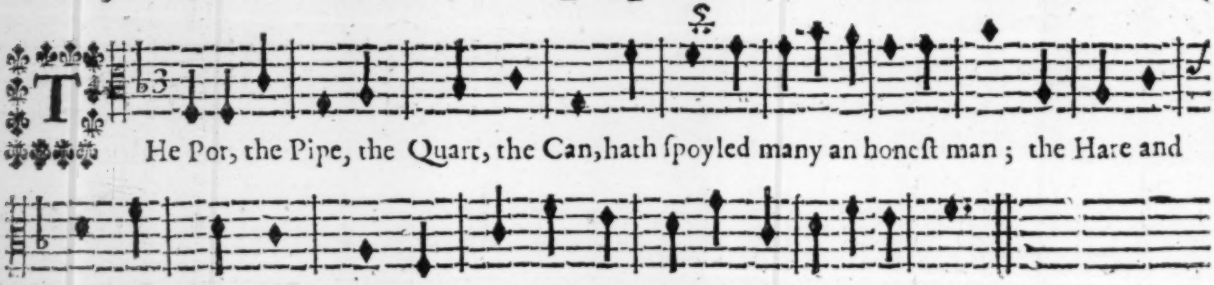


pay of his treaſure, but if more he will call, let that, let that man pay for all.

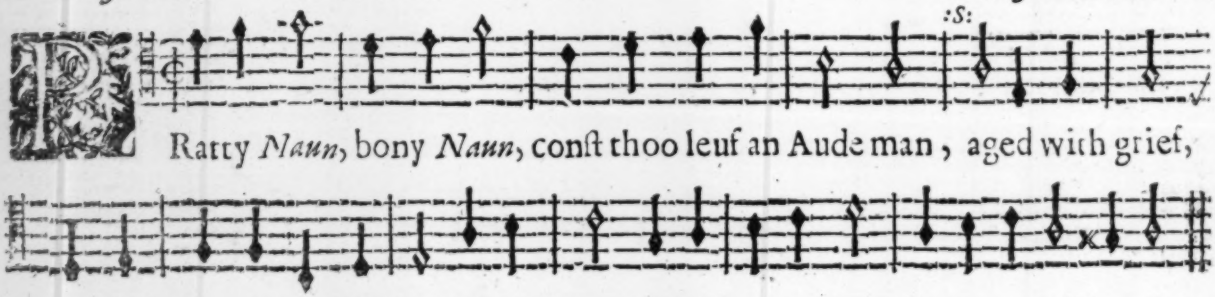


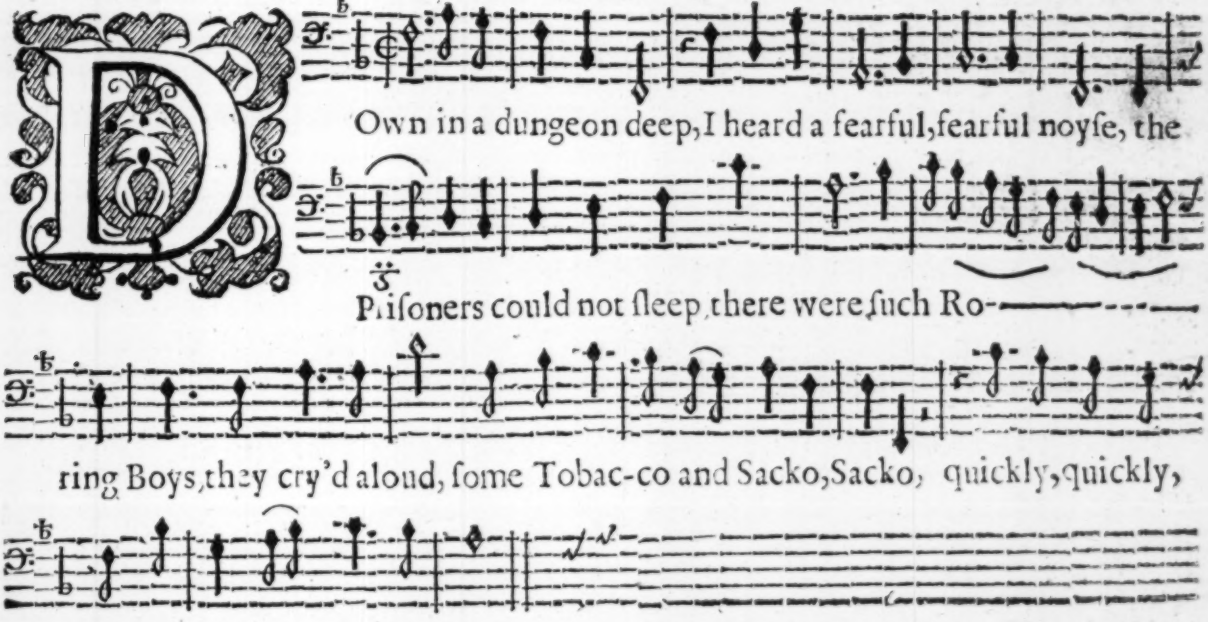
If you will, &c.

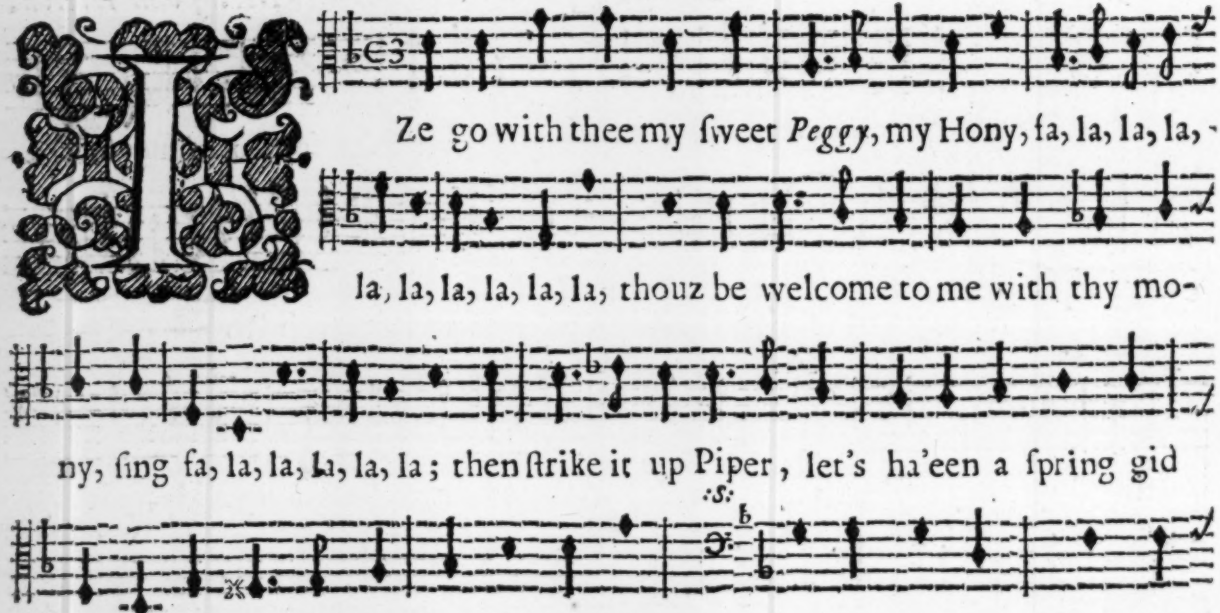

Et *Symons* beard alone, alone, let *Symons* beard a-lone, 'tis
no diſgrace to *Symons* face, for he had never one: then
mock not, nor ſcoffe not, nor Jeer not, nor fleer not, but ra-ther him be-
moan. Let, &c.



a. 3. *Voc.* *A Northern Catch.* Mr. *John Hilton.*

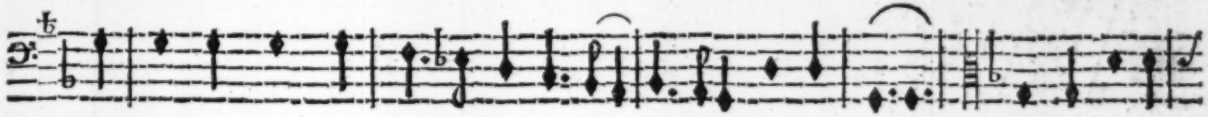



Own in a dungeon deep, I heard a fearful, fearful noyſe, the
Priſoners could not ſleep, there were ſuch Ro-
ring Boys, they cry'd aloud, ſome Tobac-co and Sacko, Sacko, quickly, quickly,
quickly, quick-ly, quickly boys. Down, &c.

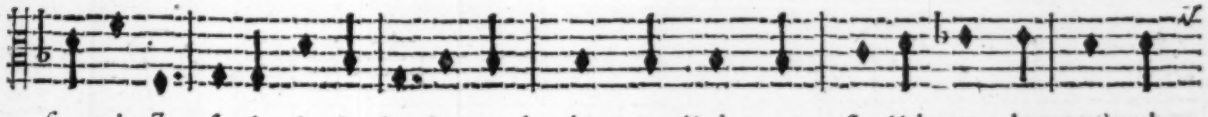

Ze go with thee my ſweet *Peggy*, my Hony, ſa, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, thouz be welcome to me with thy mo-
ny, ſing fa, la, la, la, la, la; then ſtrike it up Piper, let's ha'een a ſpring gid
feth ſir, and that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Braſe your Tabour, whileſt we

labour

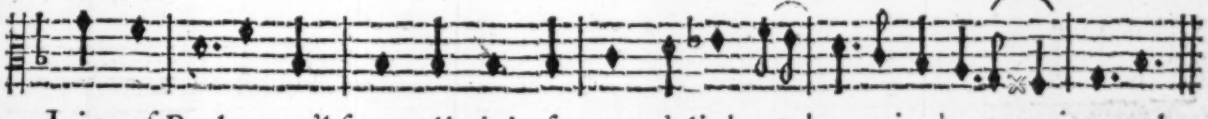
labour, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, hark how the Drone, be-low a-lone doth Hum,



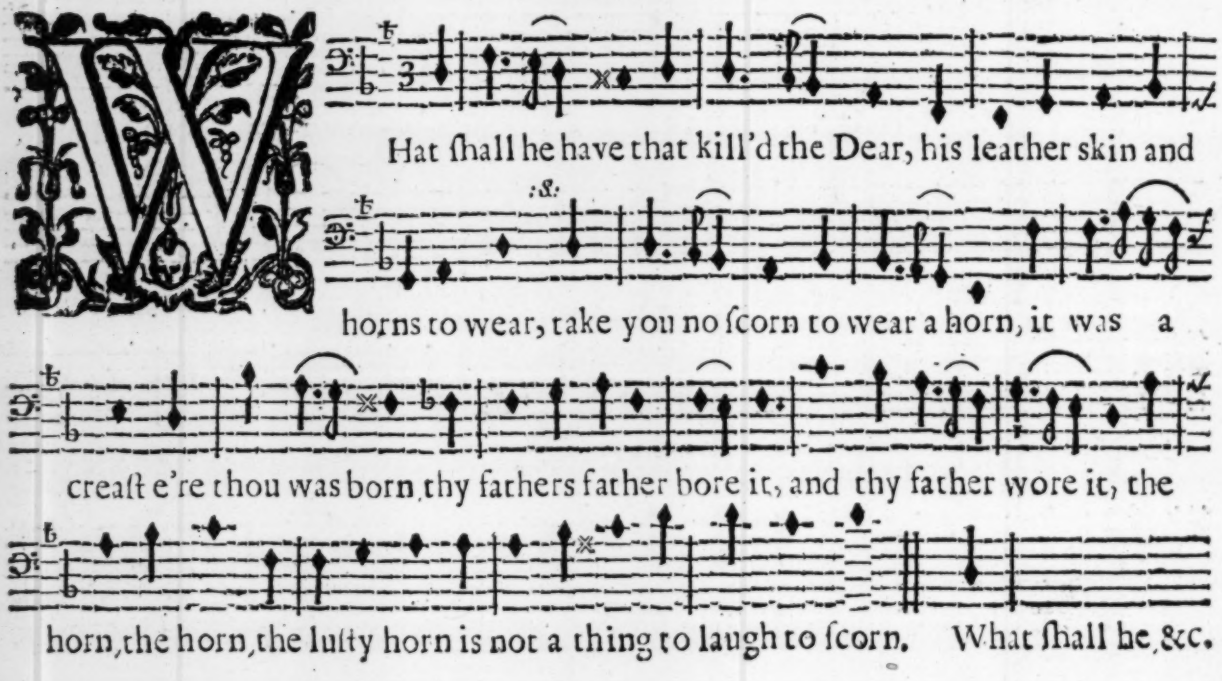
whilſt my Pigſney cryes fie, fie, fie, fie, I ſay no more but mum. Thou and I will

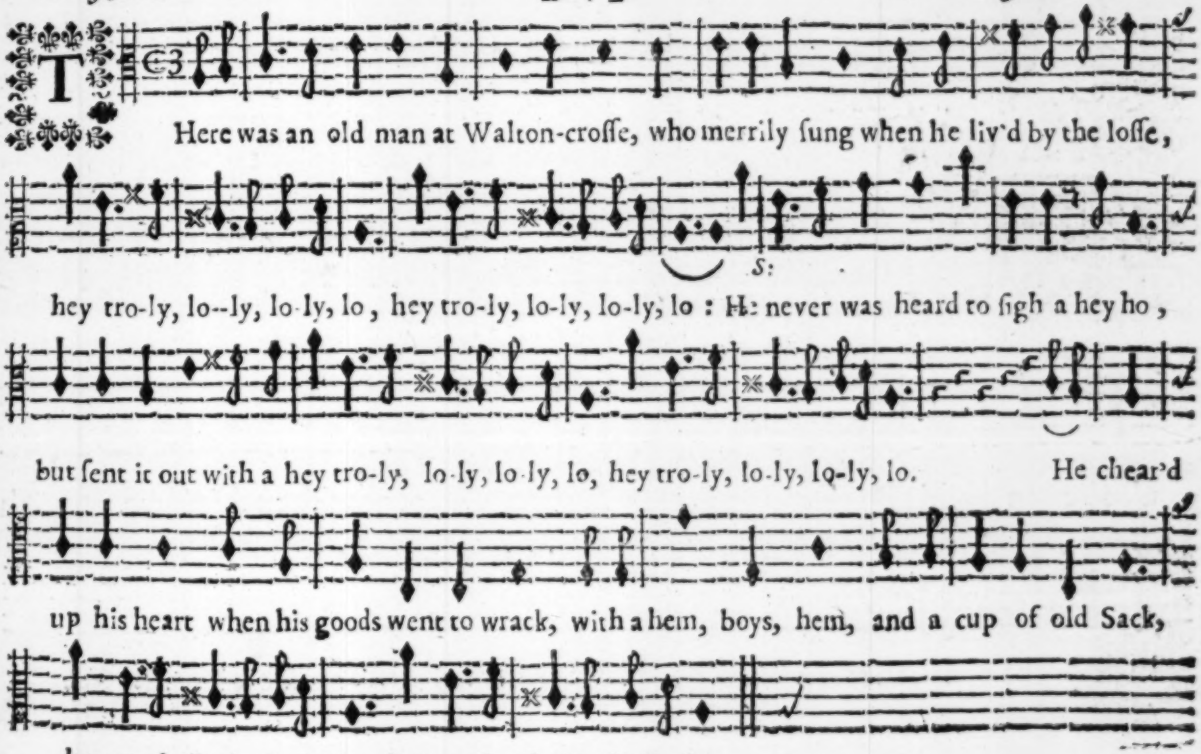


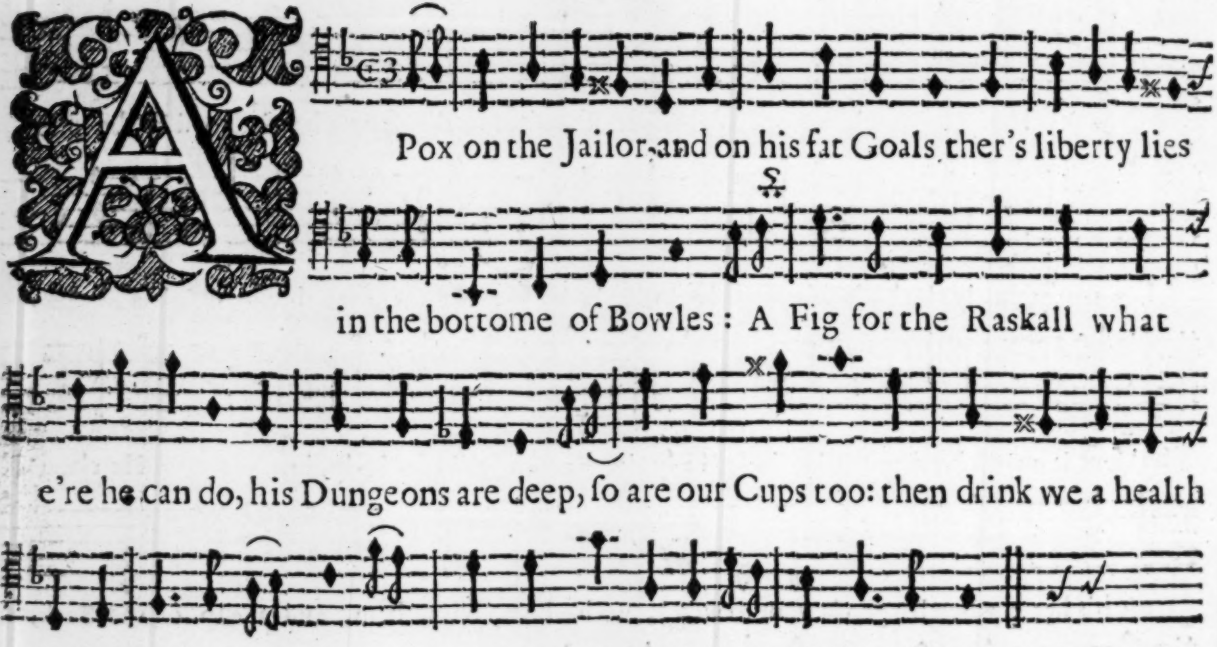
foot it *Joc*, fa, la, la, la, la, la, and what wee'l doe neen ſhall know, but tatle the

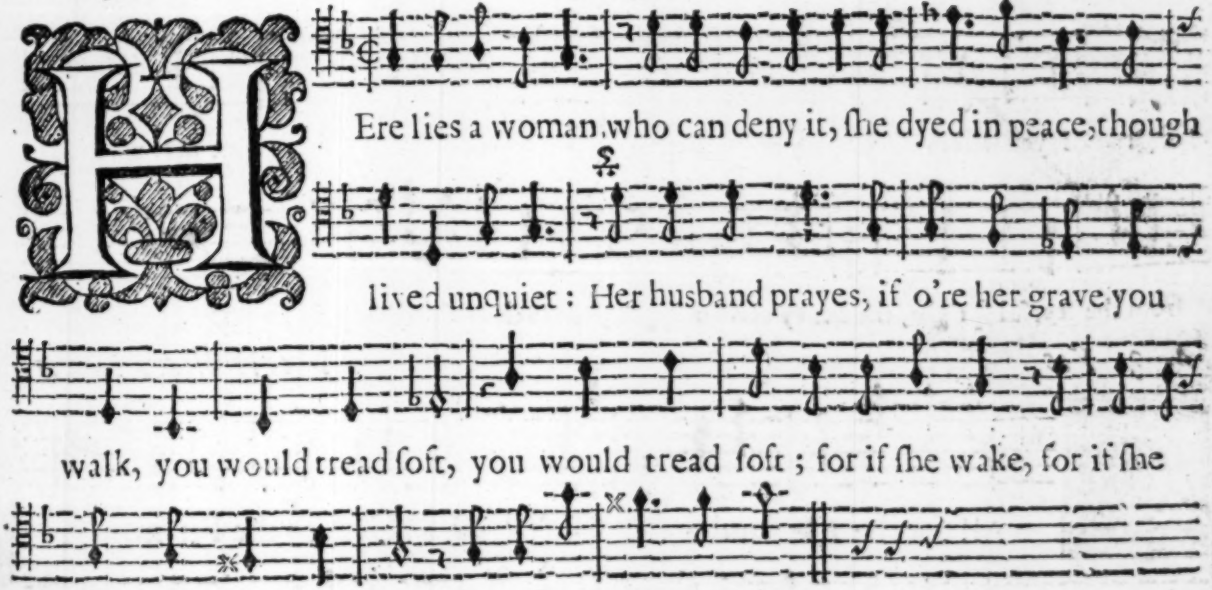


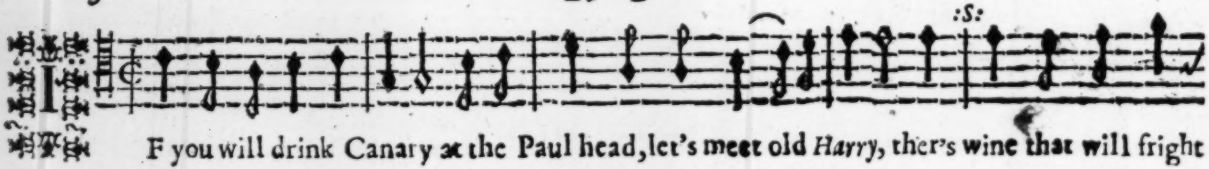
Juice of Barly, wee'l ſport all night for our delight, & home in the morning early.


What ſhall he have that kill'd the Dear, his leather skin and
horns to wear, take you no ſcorn to wear a horn, it was a
creaſt e're thou was born, thy fathers father bore it, and thy father wore it, the
horn, the horn, the luſty horn is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. What ſhall he, &c.

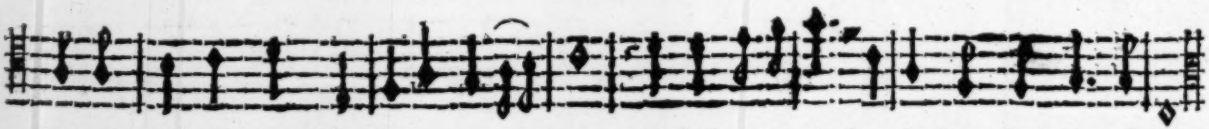

There was an old man at Walton-croſſe, who merrily ſung when he liv'd by the loſſe,
hey tro-ly, lo--ly, lo-ly, lo, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo : He never was heard to ſigh a hey ho,
but ſent it out with a hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo. He cheard
up his heart when his goods went to wrack, with a hem, boys, hem, and a cup of old Sack,
hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo, hey tro ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo.


Pox on the Jailor, and on his fat Goals ther's liberty lies
in the bottome of Bowles: A Fig for the Raskall what
e're he can do, his Dungeons are deep, ſo are our Cups too: then drink we a health
in deſpight of our foes, and make our cold Irons cry clink in the cloſe. A, &c.


Ere lies a woman who can deny it, ſhe dyed in peace, though
lived unquiet: Her husband prayes, if o're her grave you
walk, you would tread ſoft, you would tread ſoft; for if ſhe wake, for if ſhe
wake, ſhee'l talk, tread ſoft, for if ſhe wake ſhee'l talk. Here, &c.



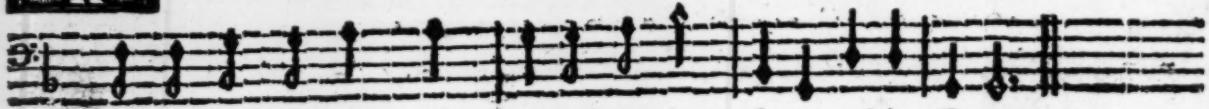
IF you will drink Canary at the Paul head, let's meet old *Harry*, there's wine that will fright



from the fearful ſpright, the heavy cares of night; 'tis ſuch as above they ſip from the Palm of *Jove*.

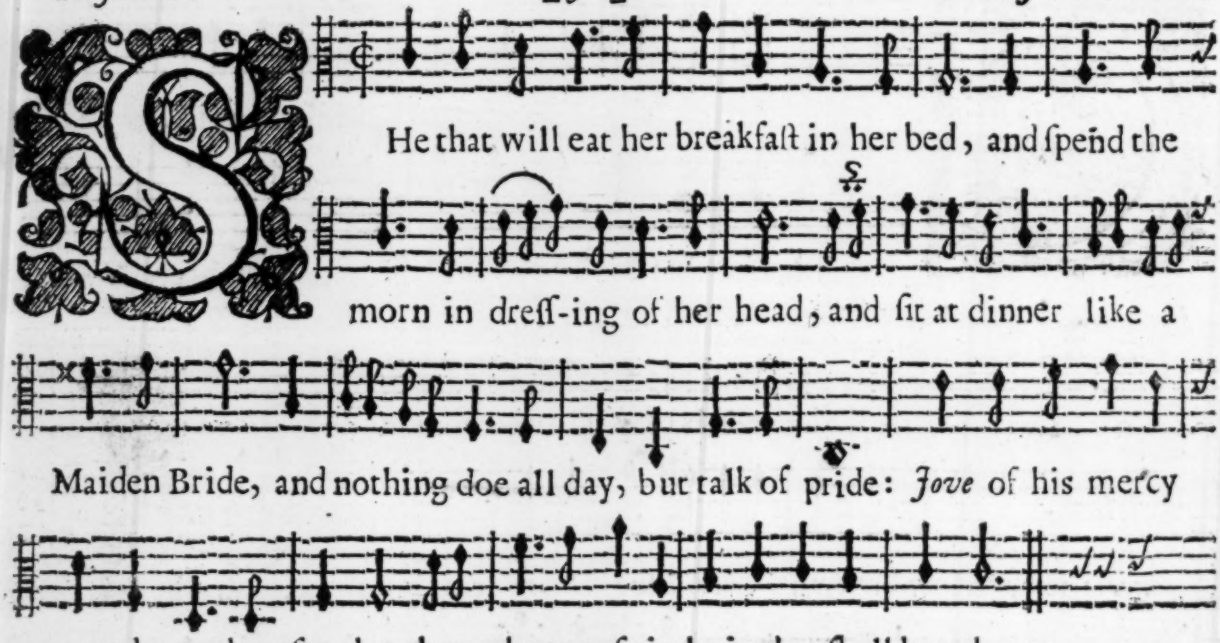
a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *William Lawes.*

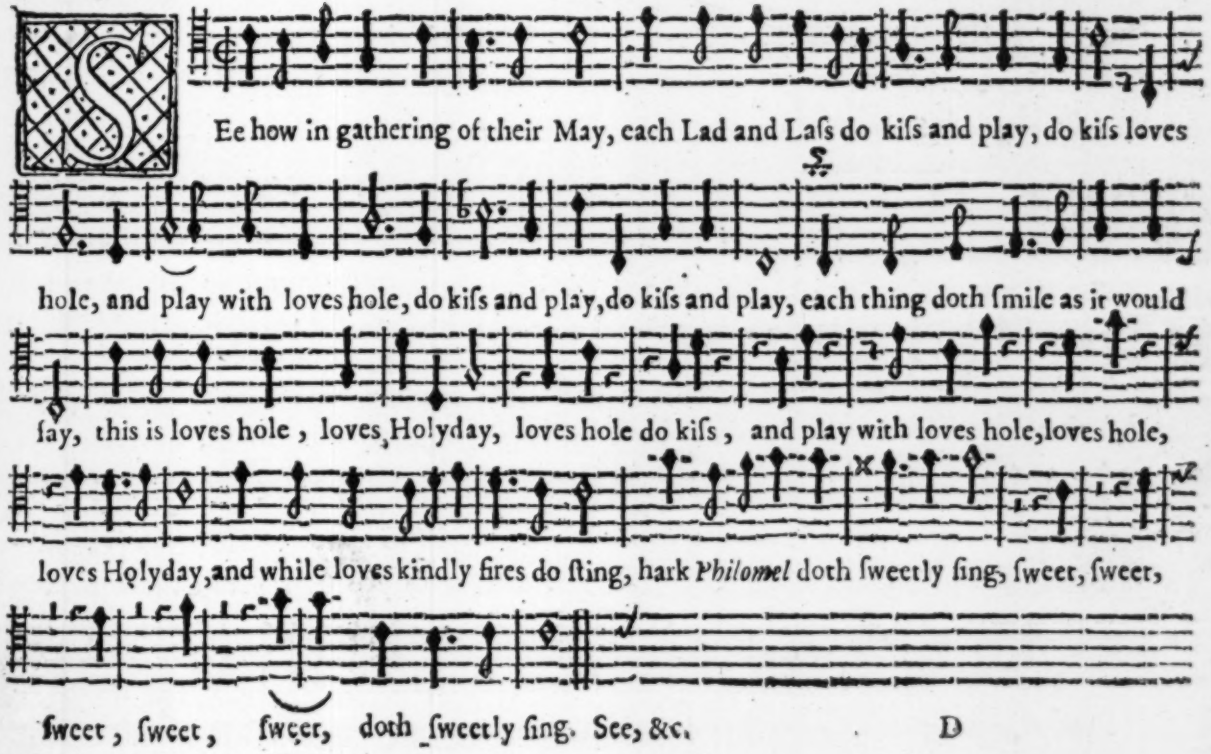
ALL for the Ale ſtand or fall, wee'l drink a health to the Fat-man, I

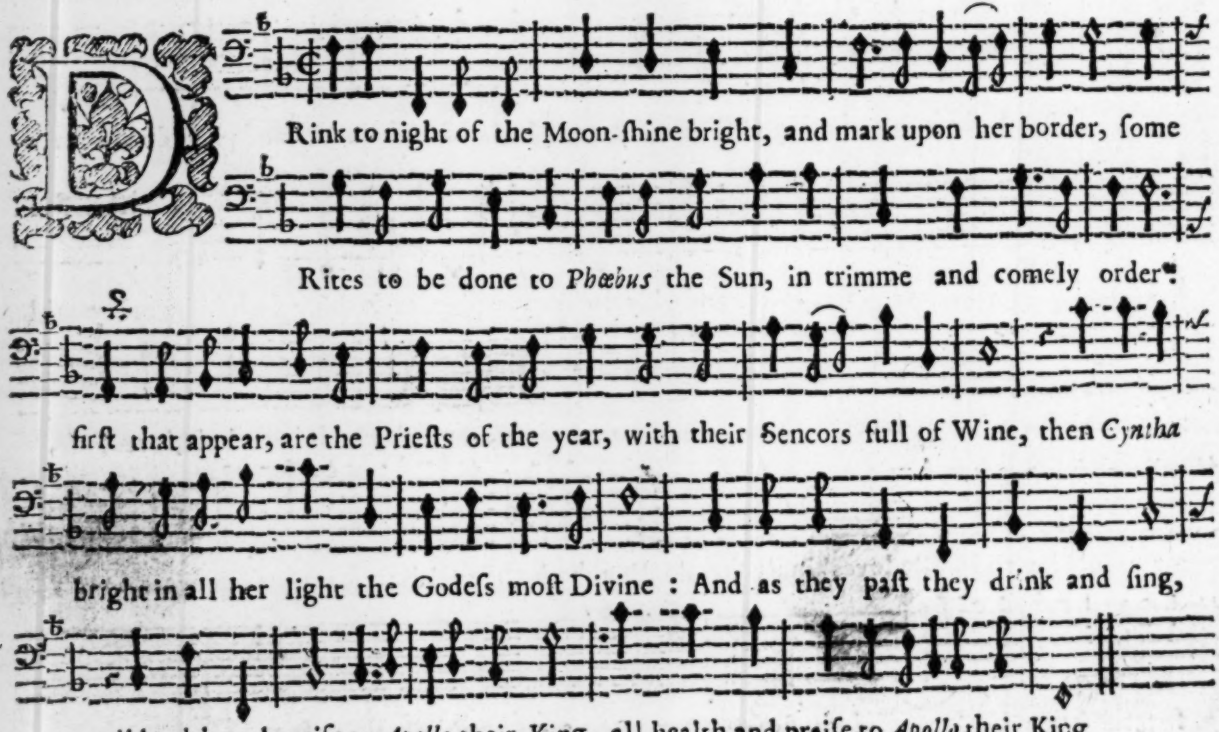


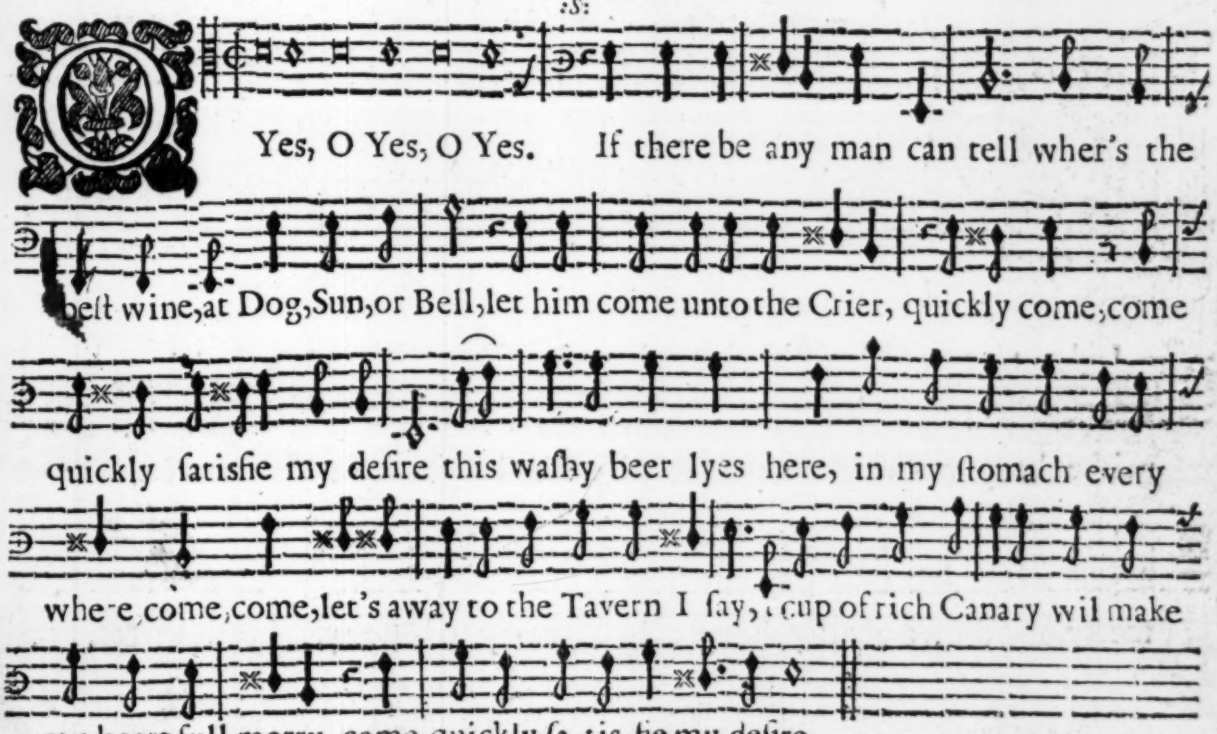
would it were in Sack, though money we lack, fill us to'ther Pot-man.

Ome let us caſt the Dice who ſhall drink, mine is *Twelve*, and his *Sice ſink*; *Six* and *Four* is thine, and he threw *Nins:* Come away *Sink tray*, *Sice ace* fair play, *Quater dewce* is your throw Sir. *Quater ace*, they run low Sir, two *Dewces* I ſee; *Dewce ace* is but three. Oh where is the wine, come fill up his Glaſſe, for here is the man hath thrown *Ams ace*.


He that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed, and ſpend the
morn in dreſſ-ing of her head, and ſit at dinner like a
Maiden Bride, and nothing doe all day, but talk of pride: Jove of his mercy
may do much to ſave her, but what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her?


See how in gathering of their May, each Lad and Lass do kiss and play, do kiss loves
hole, and play with loves hole, do kiss and play, do kiss and play, each thing doth smile as it would
say, this is loves hole, loves Holyday, loves hole do kiss, and play with loves hole, loves hole,
loves Holyday, and while loves kindly fires do sting, hark *Philomel* doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet,
sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweetly sing. See, &c.


Drink to night of the Moon-ſhine bright, and mark upon her border, ſome
Rites to be done to *Phœbus* the Sun, in trimme and comely order:
firſt that appear, are the Prieſts of the year, with their Sencors full of Wine, then *Cynthia*
bright in all her light the Godeſs moſt Divine : And as they paſt they drink and ſing,
all health and praiſe to *Apollo* their King, all health and praiſe to *Apollo* their King.


Yes, O Yes, O Yes. If there be any man can tell wher's the
beſt wine, at Dog, Sun, or Bell, let him come unto the Crier, quickly come, come
quickly ſatisfie my deſire this waſhy beer lyes here, in my ſtomach every
whe-e, come, come, let's away to the Tavern I ſay, a cup of rich Canary wil make
my heart full merry, come quickly ſa-tis-fie my deſire.

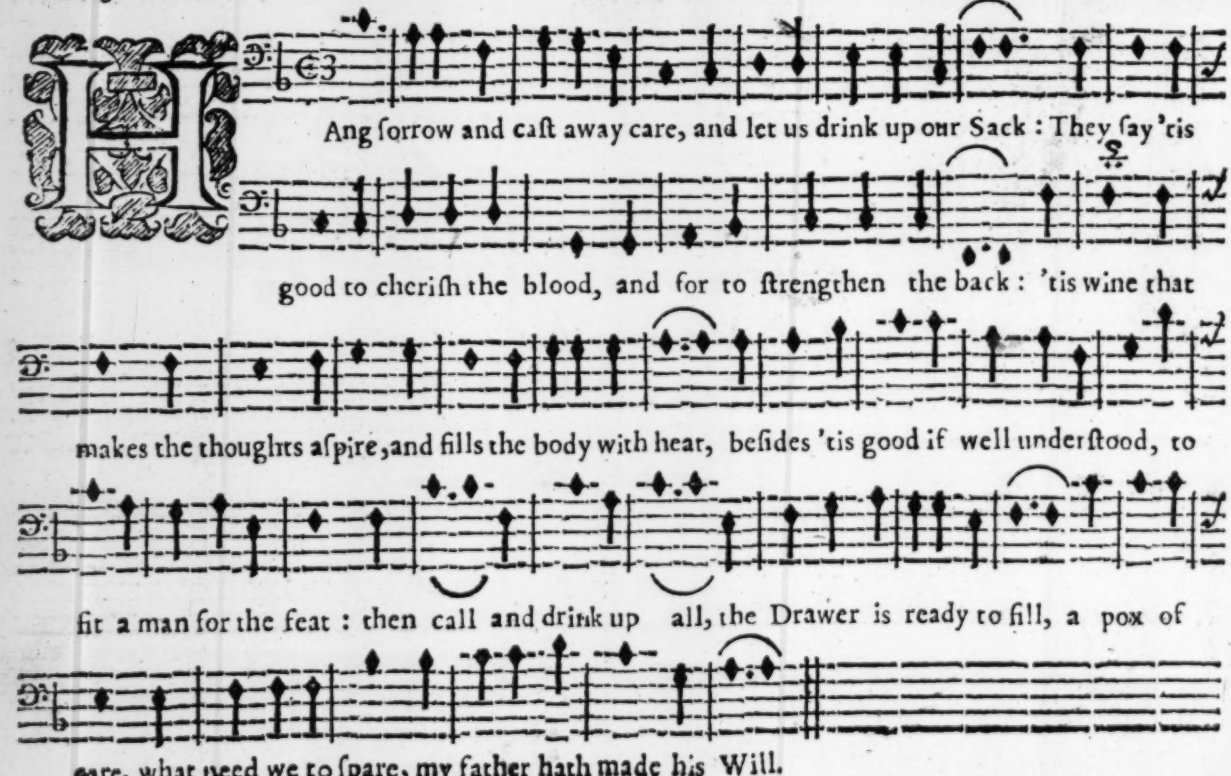
Et's caſt away care, and merrily ſing, there is a time for every thing: he that plays at his work, or works in his play, neither keeps working, nor yet Holyday : ſet bu---ſi-neſſe aſide, and let us be merry, and drown our dry thoughts in Ca-na-ry and Sherry. Let's caſt, &c.

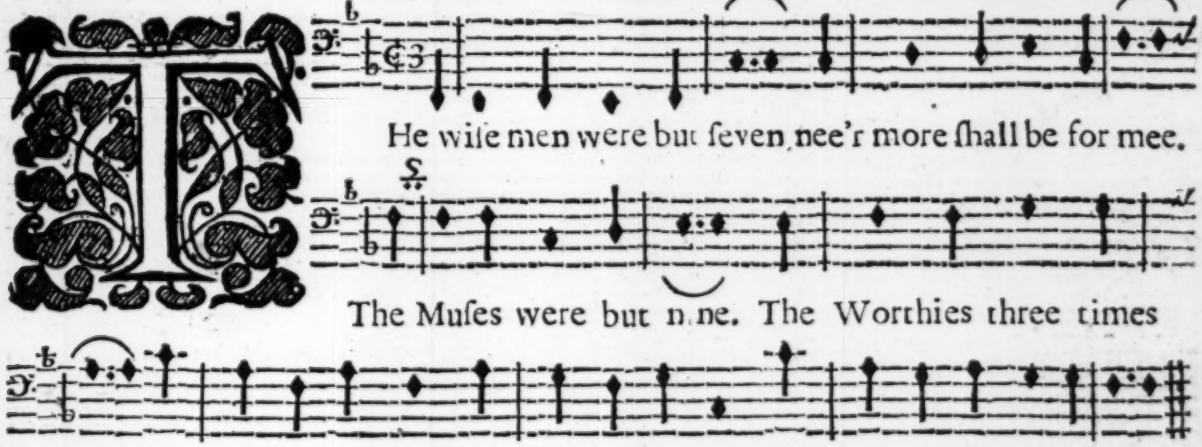
Ever let a man take heavily the clamour of his Wife,

but be rul'd by me and lead a merry life, let her have her

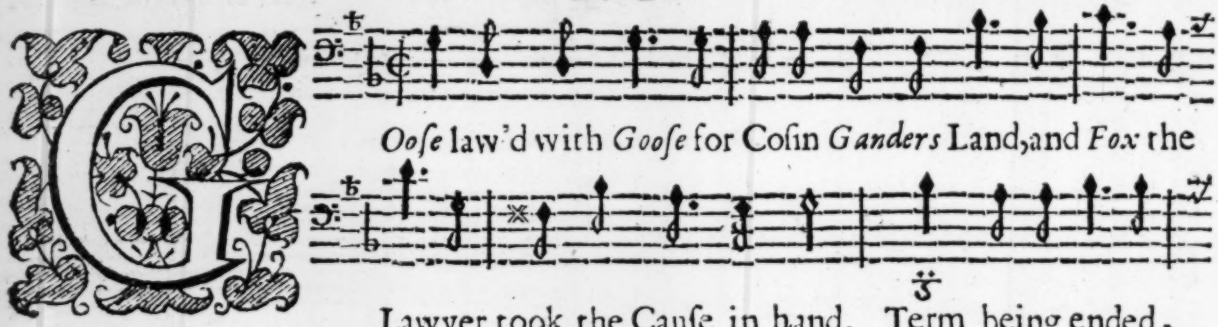
will in ev'ry thing; if ſhe ſcolds, then laugh and ſing hey derry, derry,

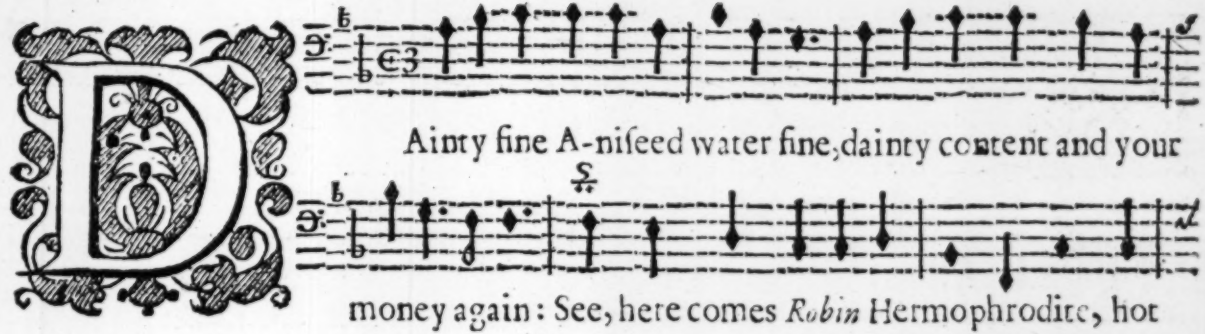
derry ding. Never, &c.

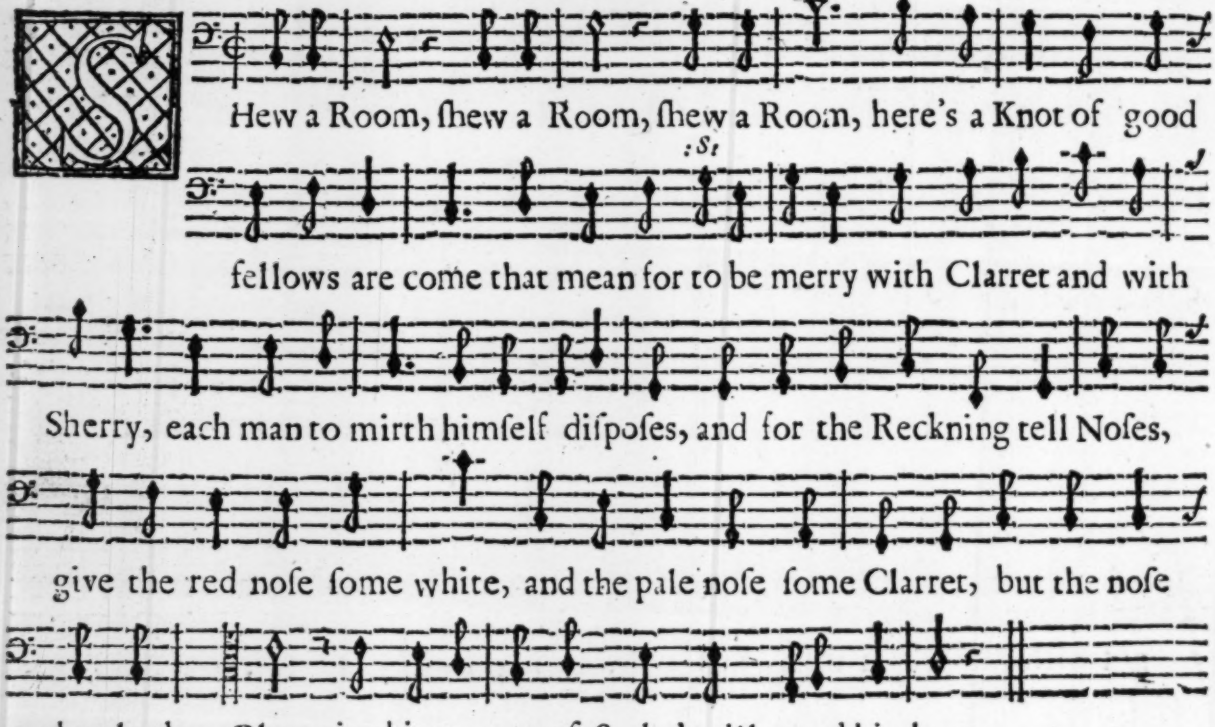

Ang ſorrow and caſt away care, and let us drink up our Sack : They ſay 'tis
good to cheriſh the blood, and for to ſtrengthen the back : 'tis wine that
makes the thoughts aſpire, and fills the body with heat, beſides 'tis good if well underſtood, to
fit a man for the feat : then call and drink up all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of
care, what need we to ſpare, my father hath made his Will.

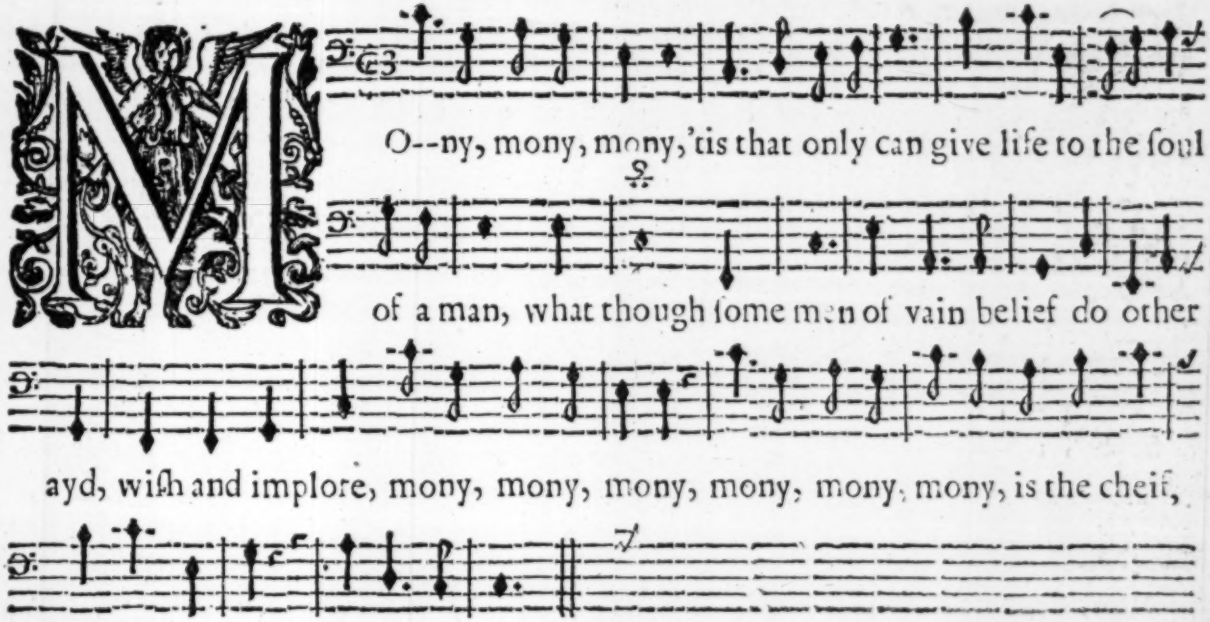


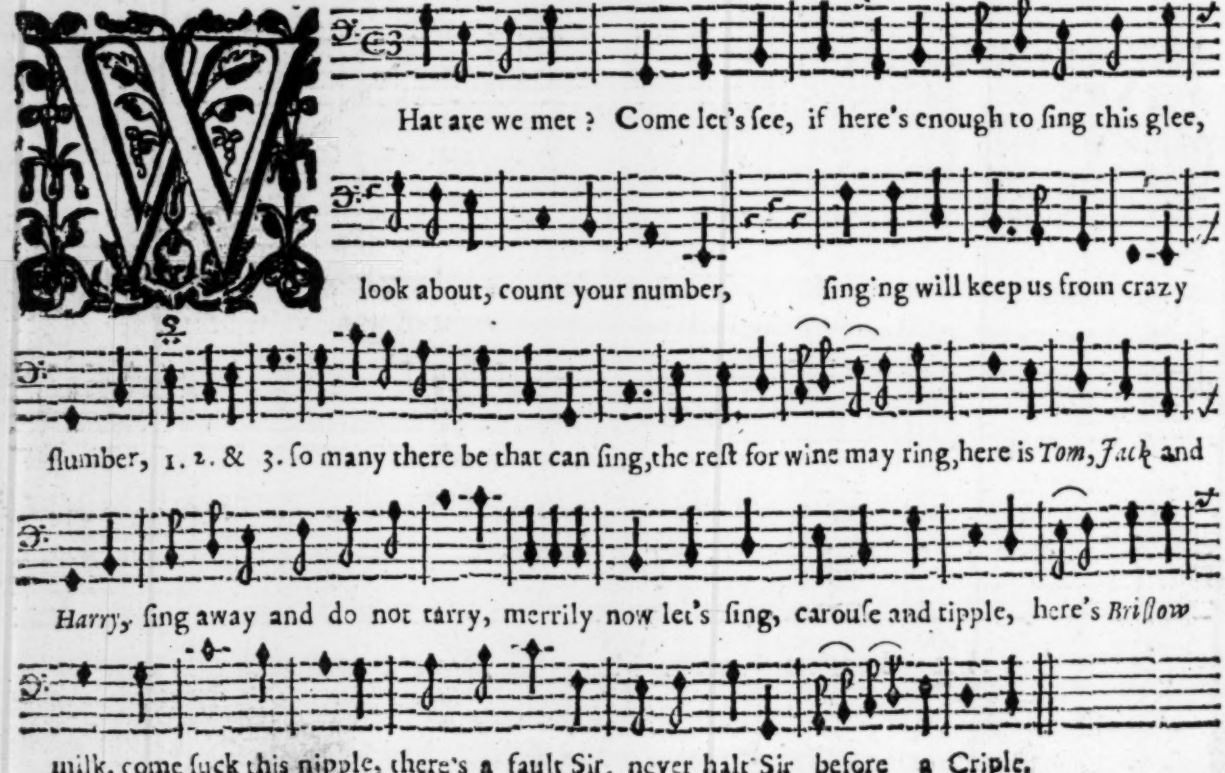
The Vertues they were ſeven, and three the greater bee;
The Cæſars *they were twelve, and the fatall Siſters three,*
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are wee.


Goose law'd with Gooſe for Coſin Ganders Land, and Fox the
Lawyer took the Cauſe in hand. Term being ended,
Judgment did proceed, like Fools they met, and Beggars they agreed: Then to
dig, and delve, and plough, both went, to get by pain what Idly they had ſpent.

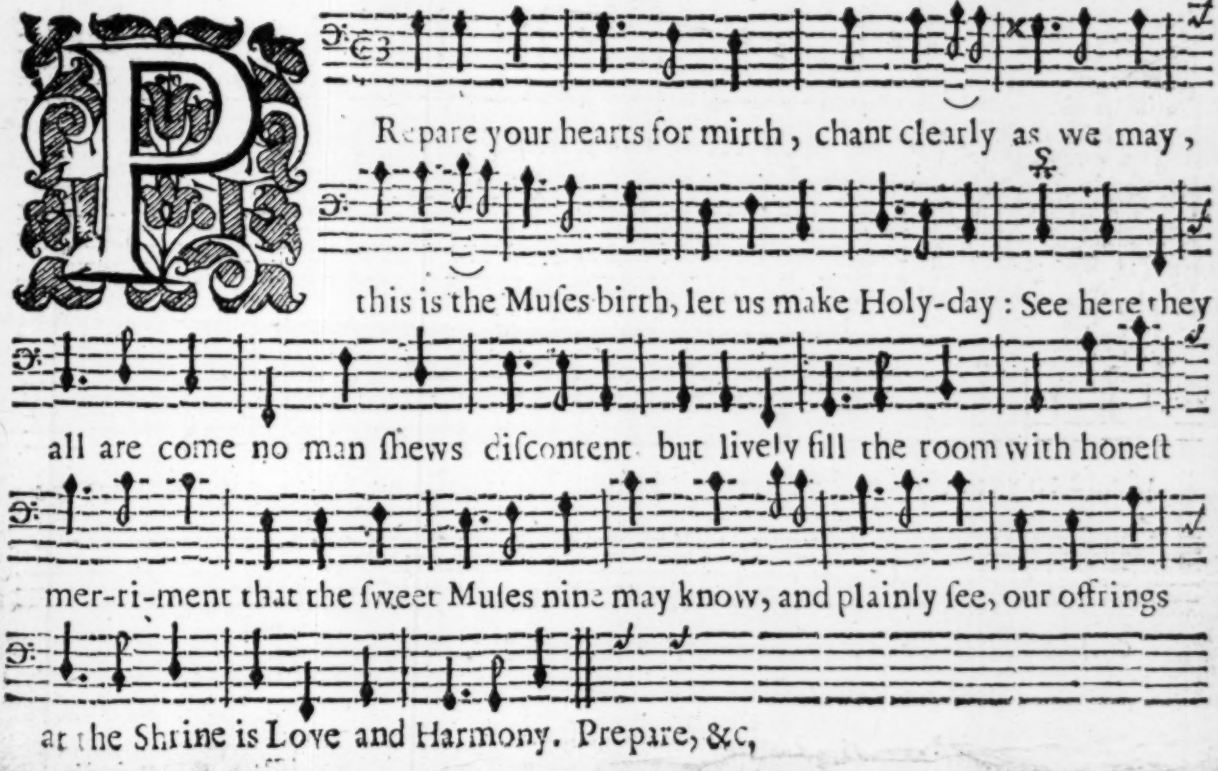

Dainty fine A-niſeed water fine, dainty content and your
money again: See, here comes *Robin* Hermophrodite, hot
waters he cryes for his delight: he got a Child of a Maid, and yet is no man, was
got with childe by a man, and is no woman. Dainty fine, &c.

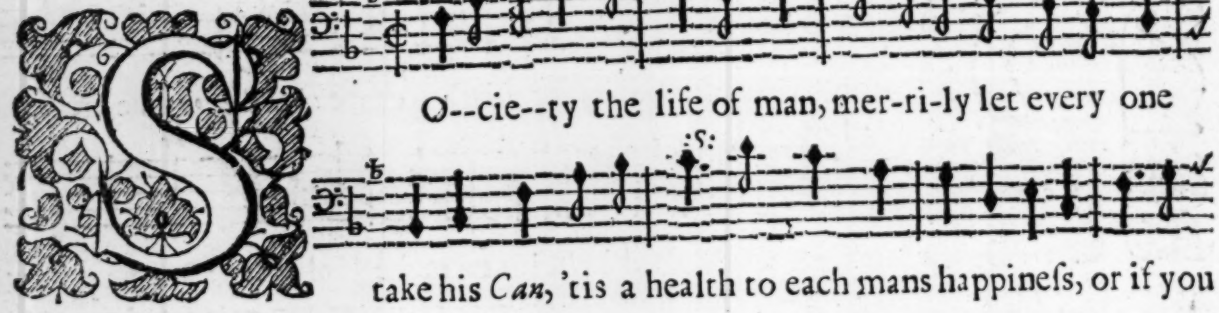

Hew a Room, ſhew a Room, ſhew a Room, here's a Knot of good
fellows are come that mean for to be merry with Clarret and with
Sherry, each man to mirth himſelf diſpoſes, and for the Reckning tell Noſes,
give the red noſe ſome white, and the pale noſe ſome Clarret, but the noſe
that looks Blew give him a cup of Sack, 'twill mend his hew.

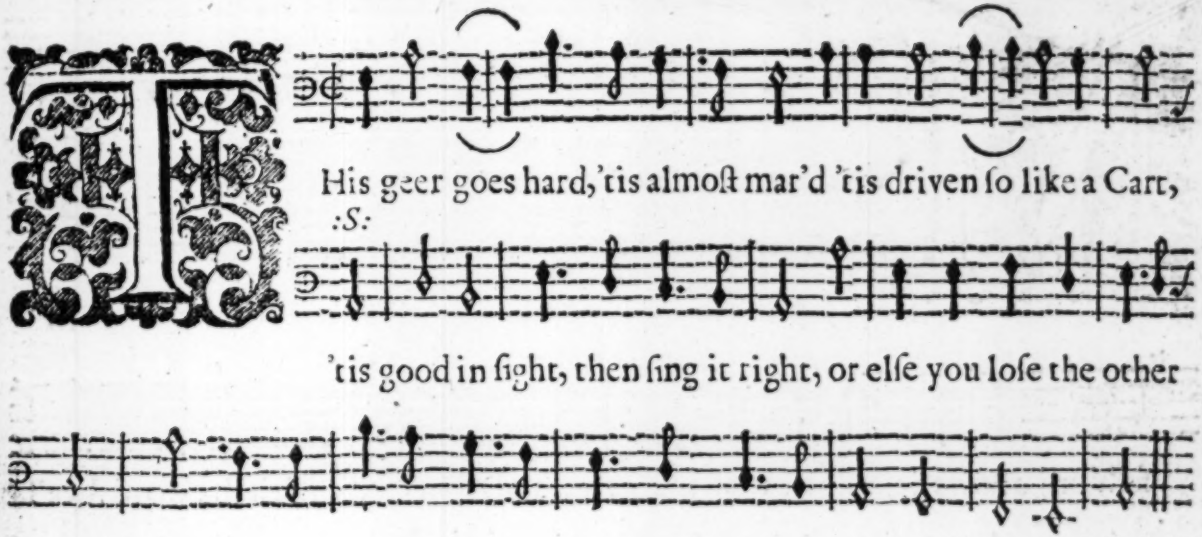

O--ny, mony, mony, 'tis that only can give life to the ſoul
of a man, what though ſome men of vain belief do other
ayd, wiſh and implore, mony, mony, mony, mony, mony, mony, is the cheif,
give me but that I ask no more. Mony, &c.

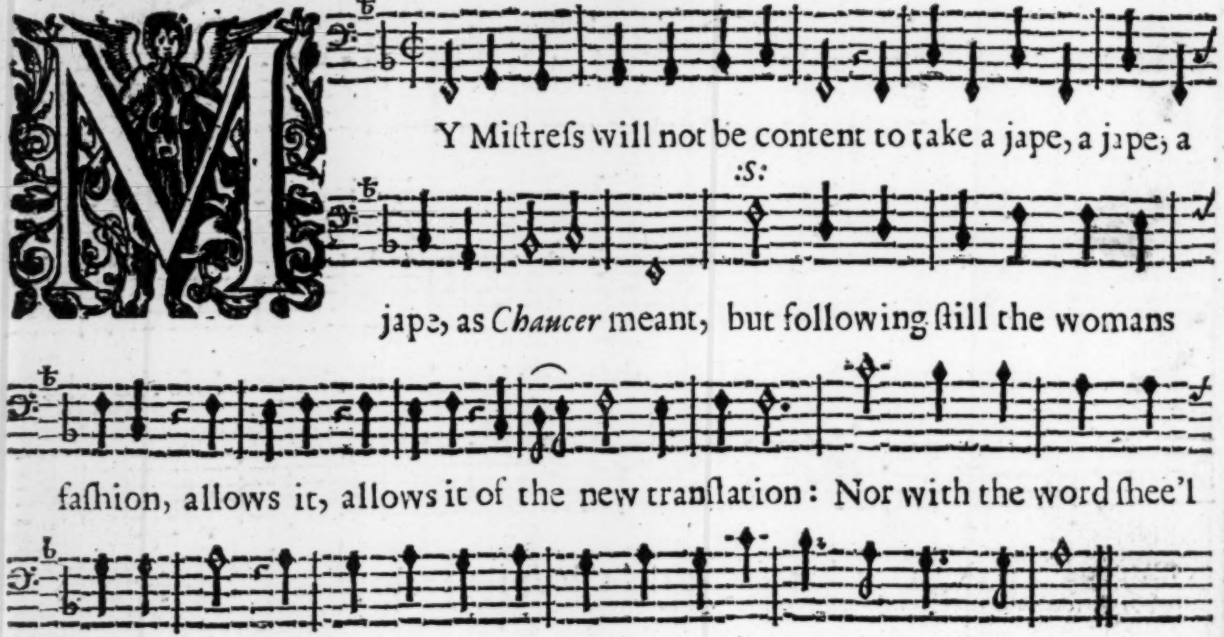

What are we met ? Come let's ſee, if here's enough to ſing this glee,
look about, count your number, ſing'ng will keep us from crazy
ſlumber, 1. 2. & 3. ſo many there be that can ſing, the reſt for wine may ring, here is *Tom*, *Jack* and
Harry, ſing away and do not tarry, merrily now let's ſing, carouſe and tipple, here's *Briſtow*
milk, come ſuck this nipple, there's a fault Sir, never halt Sir before a Criple.

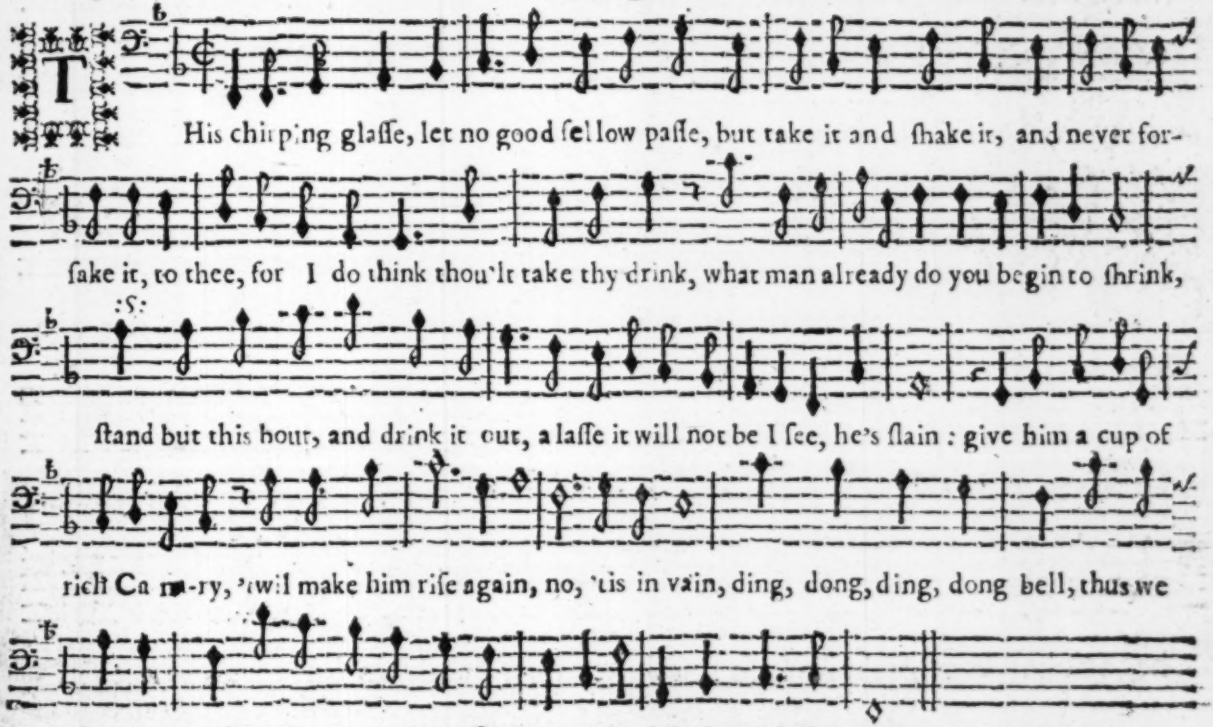
God save.


Prepare your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may,
this is the Muſes birth, let us make Holy-day: See here they
all are come no man ſhews diſcontent but lively fill the room with honeſt
mer-ri-ment that the ſweet Muſes nine may know, and plainly ſee, our offrings
at the Shrine is Love and Harmony. Prepare, &c,

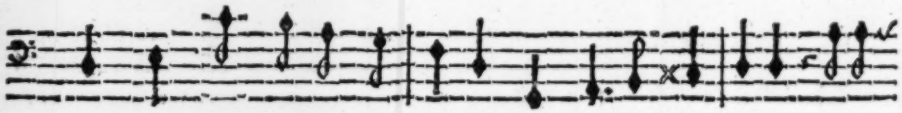

O--cie--ty the life of man, mer-ri-ly let every one
take his *Can*, 'tis a health to each mans happineſs, or if you
pleaſe, to your *Miſtreſſe:* Then drink about and make no *Noyſe*, pay for what we
call, and ſtill be pretious boyes. Society, &c.


His geer goes hard, 'tis almoſt mar'd 'tis driven ſo like a Cart,
:S:
'tis good in ſight, then ſing it right, or elſe you loſe the other
quart: I'le ne'r go out, but ſing it right three times about, and friendly part.

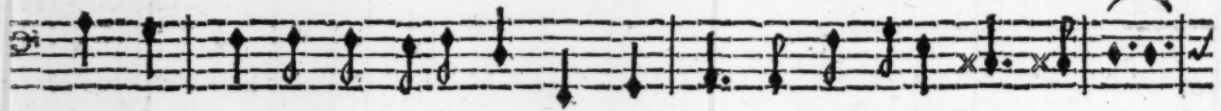

MY Miſtreſs will not be content to take a jape, a jape, a
:S:
jape, as *Chaucer* meant, but following ſtill the womans
faſhion, allows it, allows it of the new tranſlation: Nor with the word ſhee'l
not diſpenſe, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet I know ſhe loves the ſenſe.


His chirping glaſſe, let no good fellow paſſe, but take it and ſhake it, and never for-
ſake it, to thee, for I do think thou'lt take thy drink, what man already do you begin to ſhrink,
ſtand but this hour, and drink it out, a laſſe it will not be I ſee, he's ſlain : give him a cup of
rich Ca n-ry, 'twil make him riſe again, no, 'tis in vain, ding, dong, ding, dong bell, thus we
ring his Knell, by the force of old Ca--na--ry he fell, ſo Blade farewell.

Ill you buy a new merry Book, or a doleful Ditty,

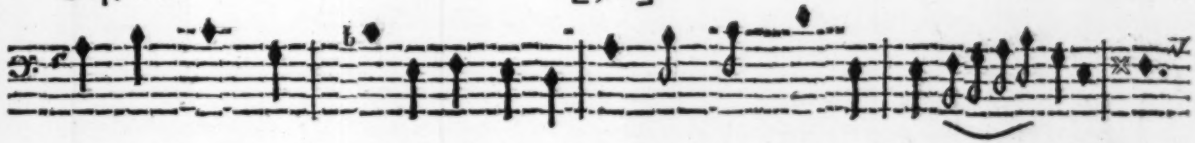


then look here's a pro[per] Ballet, moſt fit for the pallet of a

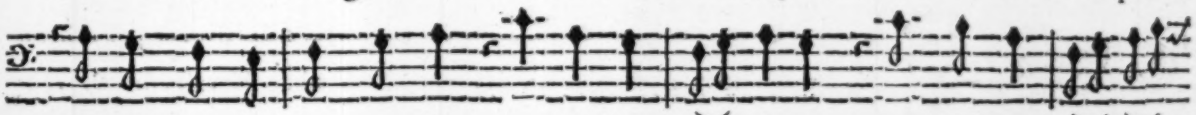


chamber-maid that was over laid which ſhe ru'th 'tis call'd a warning for youth:

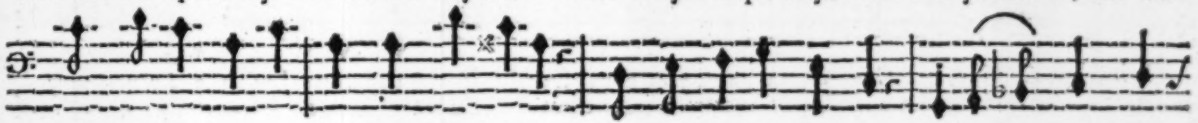
he took her 'bout the middle ſo ſmall, he threw her down, but that was not all,



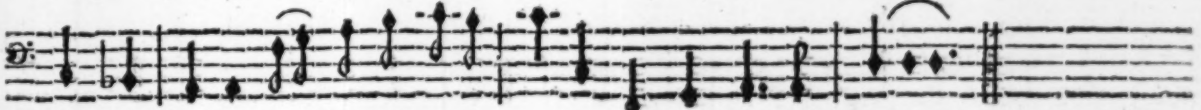
I ſhould howl out-right, to tell of the reſt, how this poor-a maid was over preſt,



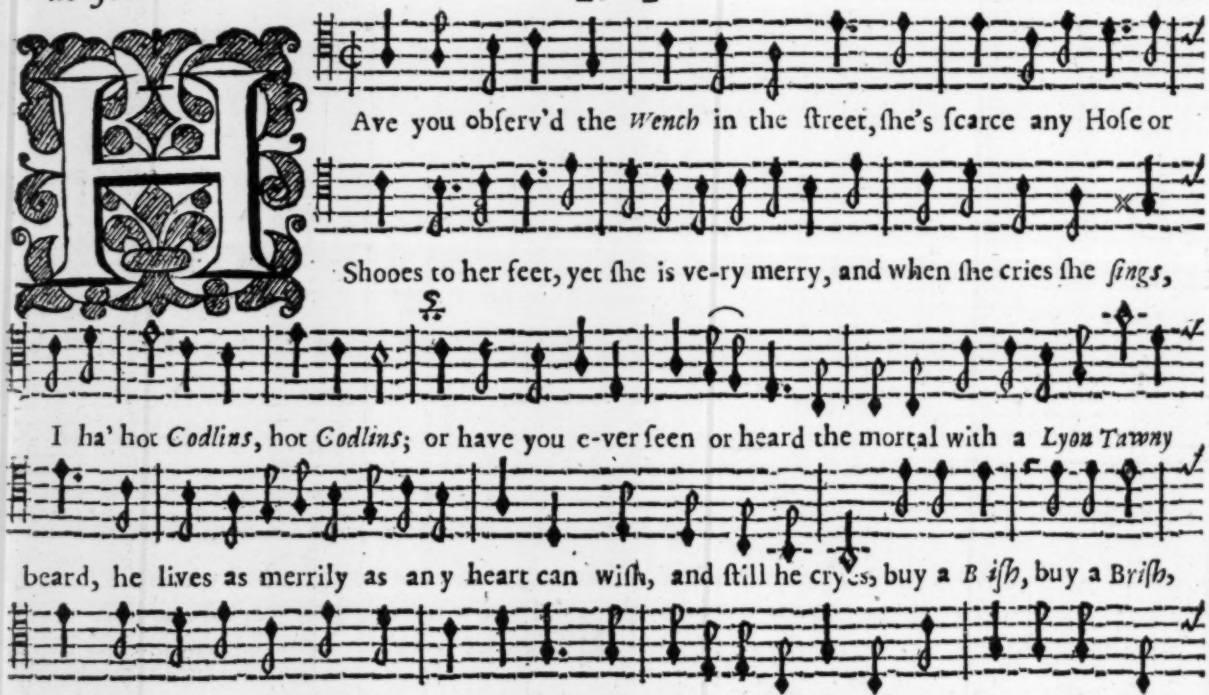
therefore quickly come and buy, and read for your penny, come my hearts, 'tis as



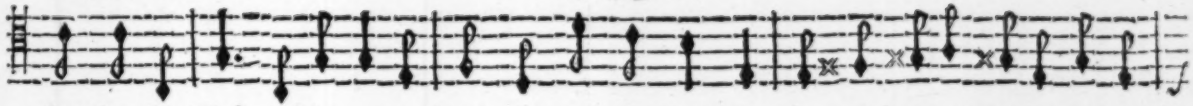
good a bargain as e're you had any: here's no Suſſex Serpent to fright you here



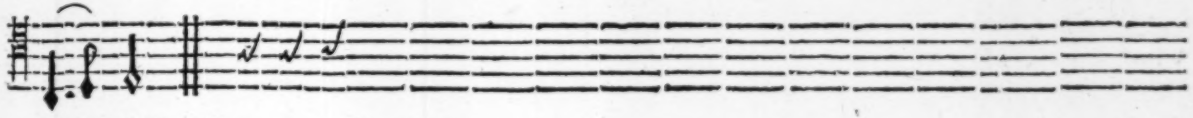
in my Bundle, nor was it e-ver Printed for the Widow *Trundle*.


Have you obſerv'd the *Wench* in the ſtreet, ſhe's ſcarce any Hoſe or
Shooes to her feet, yet ſhe is ve-ry merry, and when ſhe cries ſhe *ſings*,
I ha' hot *Codlins*, hot *Codlins*; or have you e-ver ſeen or heard the mortal with a *Lyon Tawny*
beard, he lives as merrily as any heart can wiſh, and ſtill he cryes, buy a *Biſh*, buy a *Briſh*,
ſince theſe are merry, why ſhould we take care, Muſicians like Camelians muſt live by the Ayre:

a. 3. Voc.

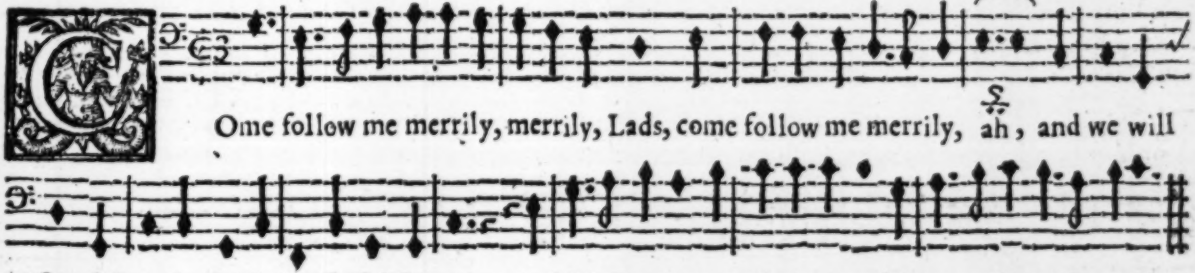


then let's be Blith and bonny, and no good meeting Baulk, for when we have no mo-ny, we ſhall



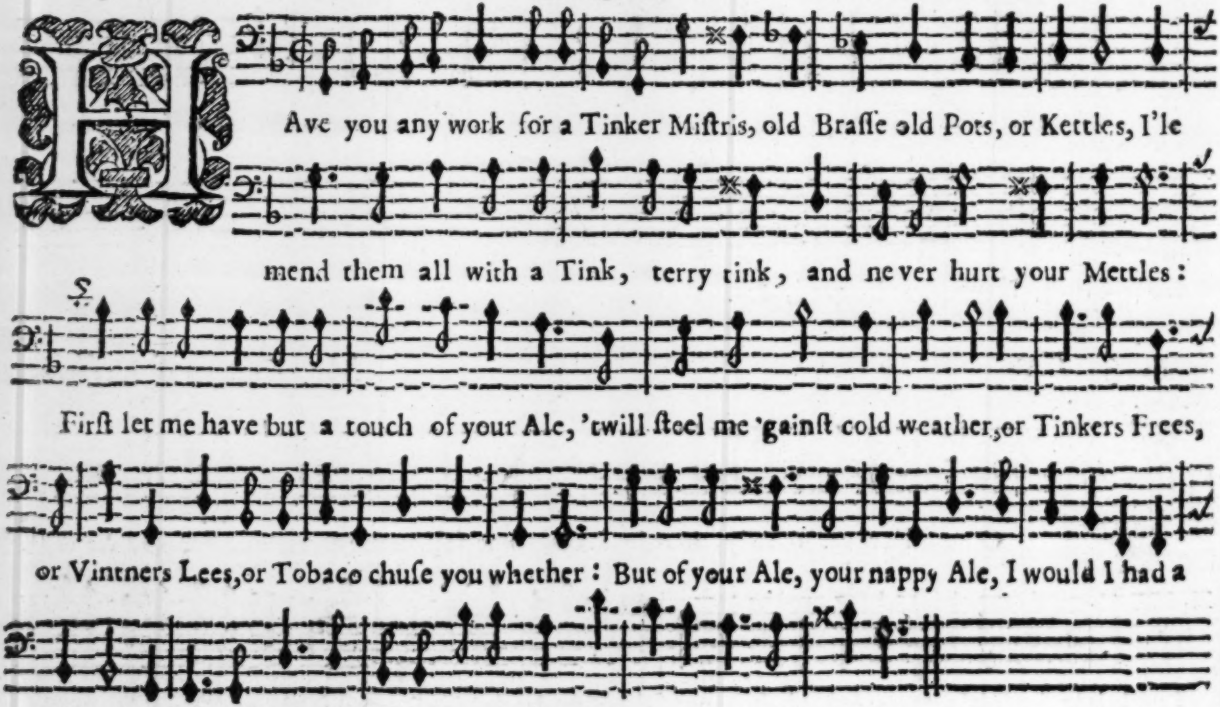
finde Chalk. Have you obſerved, &c.

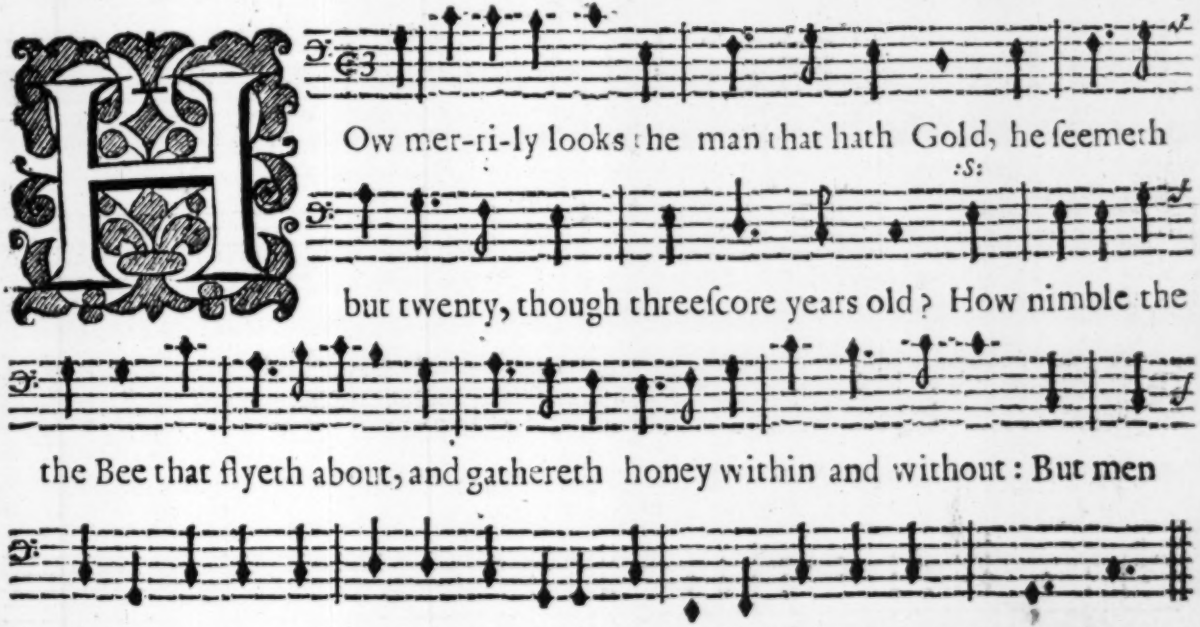
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Edumnd Nelham.*

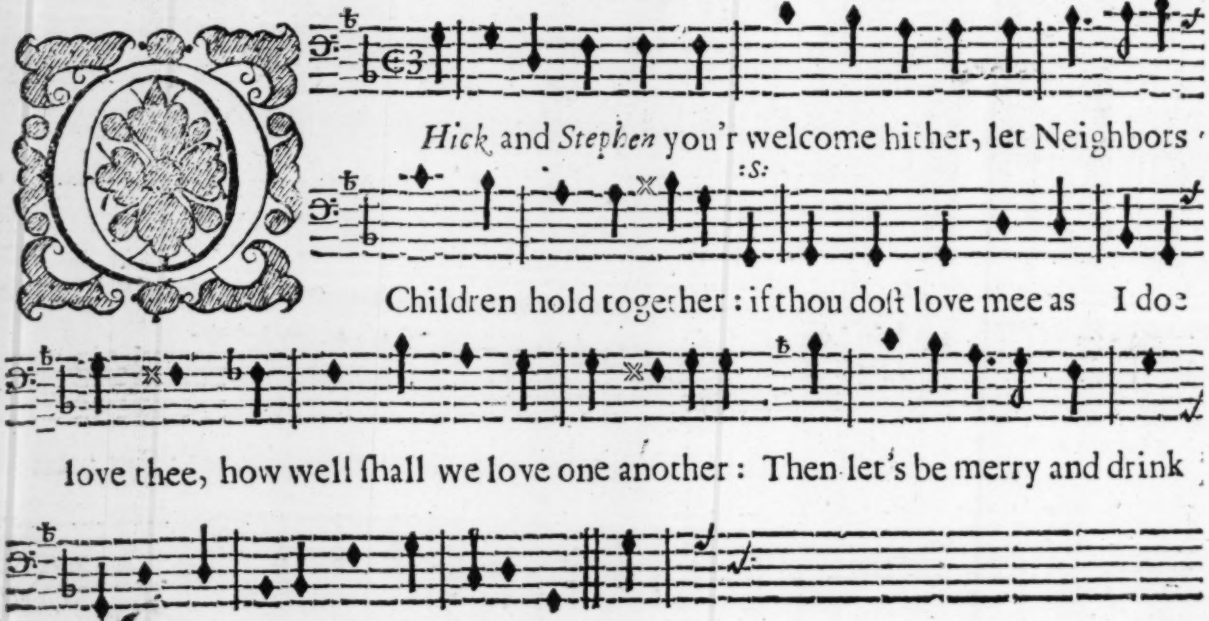


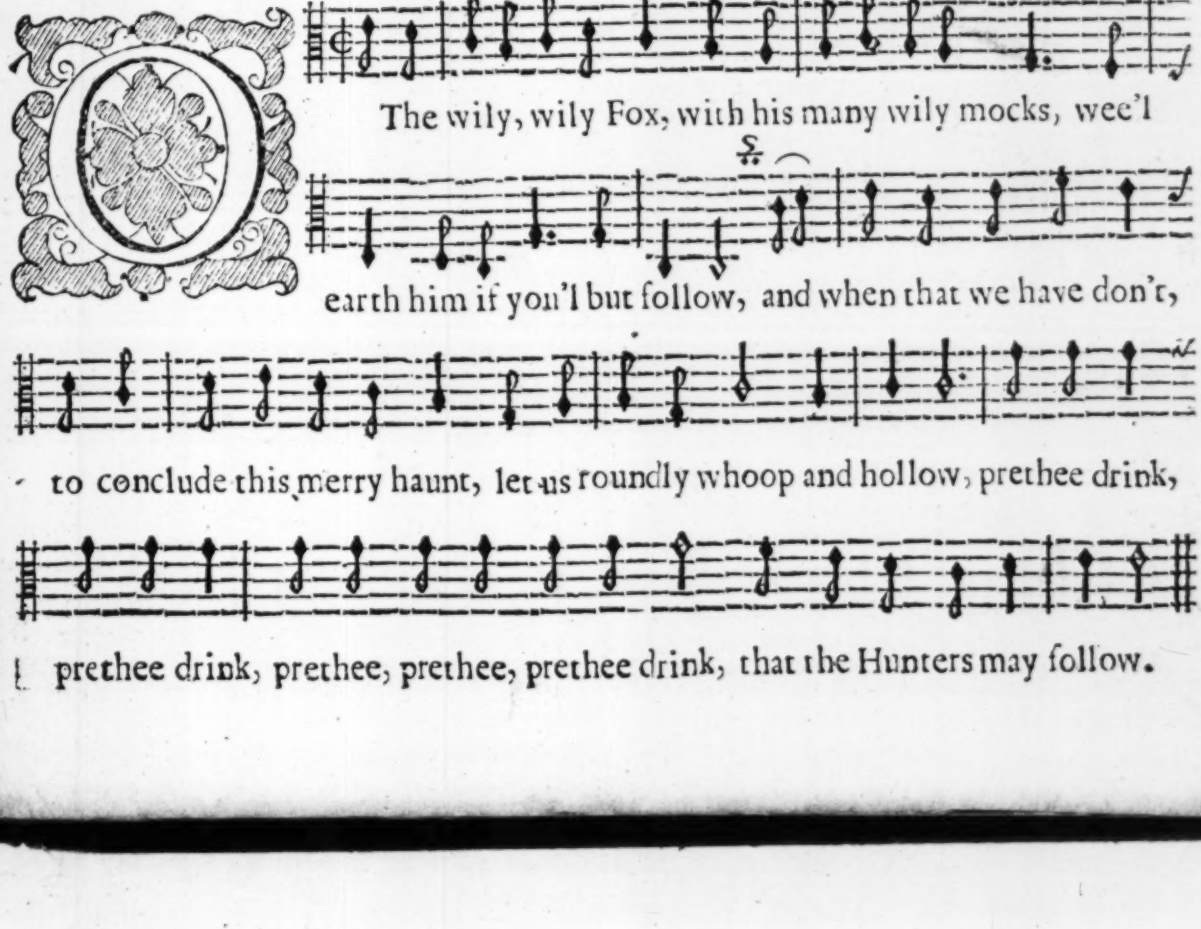
Come follow me merrily, merrily, Lads, come follow me merrily, ah, and we will

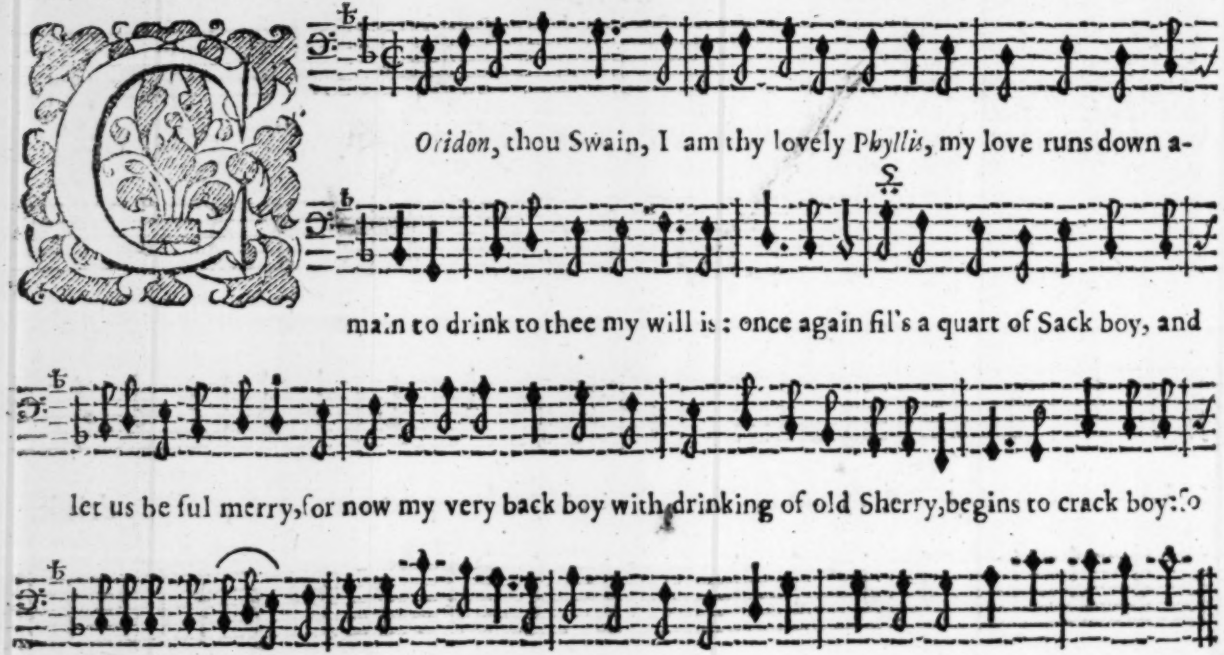
ſing ſol, fa, fa, ſol, fa, fa, fa, ſol, ſol, fa, put ſol before la, and fa after me, ſol, la, me, fa, me, la, me, fa.

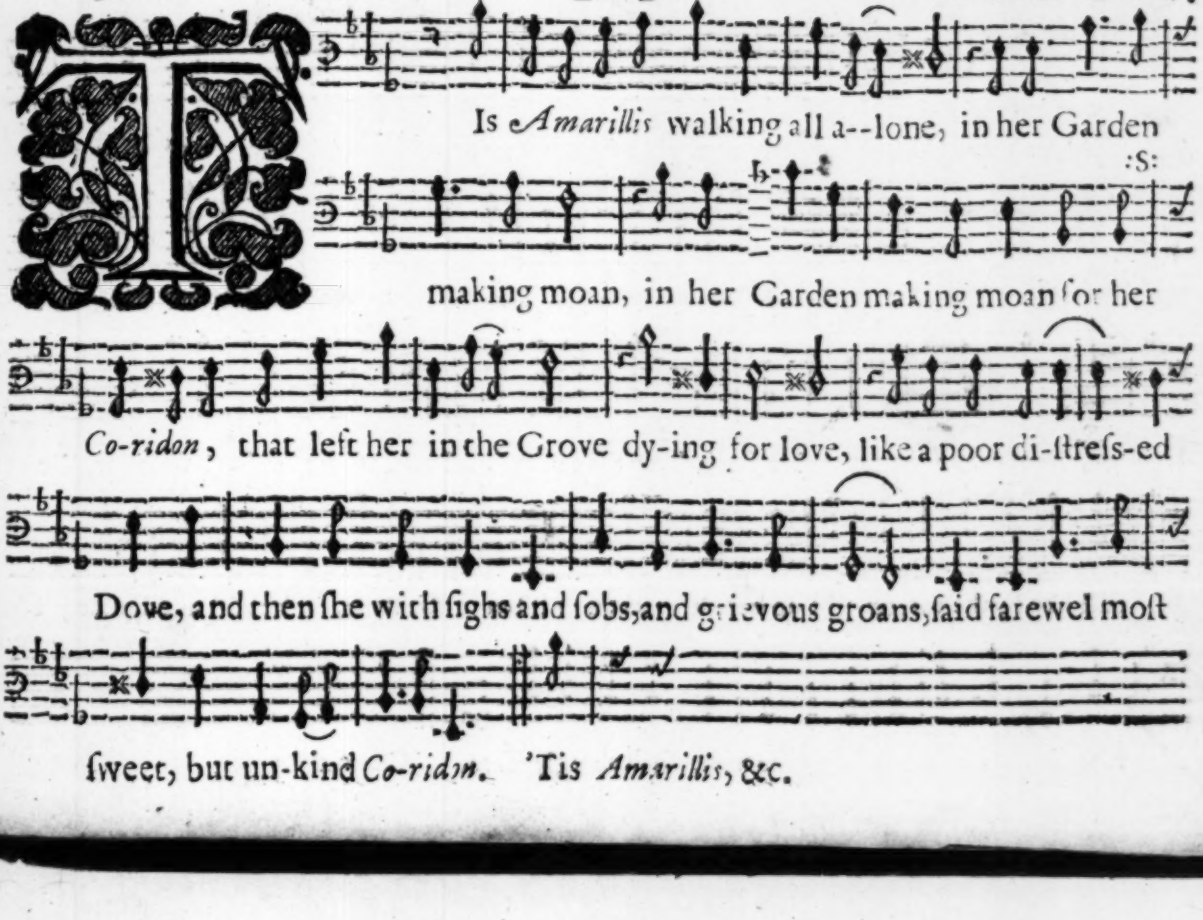

Have you any work for a Tinker Miſtris, old Braſſe old Pots, or Kettles, I'le
mend them all with a Tink, terry tink, and never hurt your Mettles:
Firſt let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill ſteel me 'gainſt cold weather, or Tinkers Frees,
or Vintners Lees, or Tobaco chuſe you whether: But of your Ale, your nappy Ale, I would I had a
Ferkin, but I am old, and ve-ry ve-ry cold, and never wear a Jer-kin.

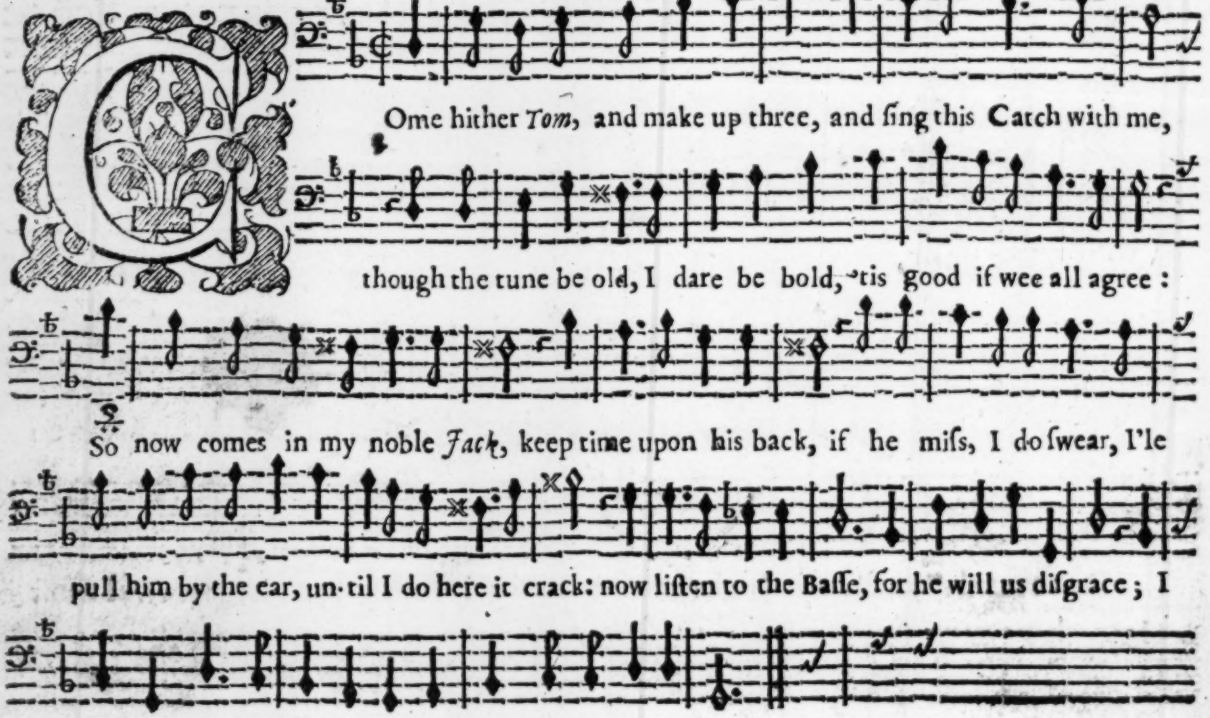

How mer-ri-ly looks the man that hath Gold, he ſeemeth
but twenty, though threeſcore years old? How nimble the
the Bee that flyeth about, and gathereth honey within and without: But men
without mony, and Bees without hony, are nothing better then Drones, Drones.

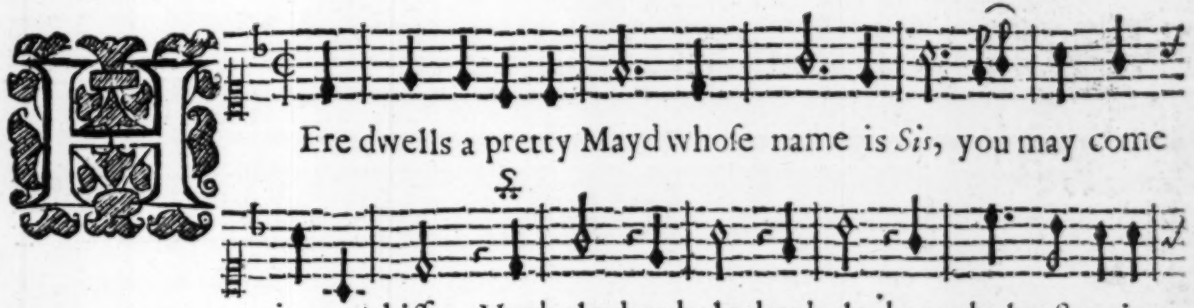

O
Hick and *Stephen* you'r welcome hither, let Neighbors
Children hold together: if thou doſt love mee as I doe
love thee, how well ſhall we love one another: Then let's be merry and drink
about, and never part till all be out. O *Hick*, &c.

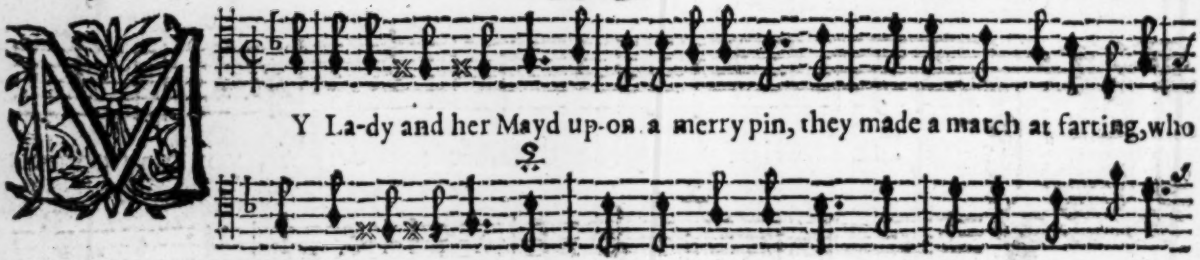

The wily, wily Fox, with his many wily mocks, wee'l
earth him if you'l but follow, and when that we have don't,
to conclude this merry haunt, let us roundly whoop and hollow, prethee drink,
prethee drink, prethee, prethee, prethee drink, that the Hunters may follow.


Coridon, thou Swain, I am thy lovely *Phyllis*, my love runs down a-
main to drink to thee my will is: once again fil's a quart of Sack boy, and
let us be ful merry, for now my very back boy with drinking of old Sherry, begins to crack boy: so
Coridon my love, thy *Phyllis* bids adue, til Powers from above do grant thee a new kind Turtle dove.


Is Amarillis walking all a--lone, in her Garden
making moan, in her Garden making moan for her
Co-ridon, that left her in the Grove dy-ing for love, like a poor di-ſtreſs-ed
Dove, and then ſhe with ſighs and ſobs, and grievous groans, ſaid farewel moſt
ſweet, but un-kind Co-ridon. 'Tis Amarillis, &c.


COme hither Tom, and make up three, and ſing this Catch with me,
though the tune be old, I dare be bold, 'tis good if wee all agree:
So now comes in my noble Jack, keep time upon his back, if he miſs, I do ſwear, I'le
pull him by the ear, un-til I do here it crack: now liſten to the Baſſe, for he will us diſgrace; I
fear the lout will firſt be out he makes ſuch an ugly face. Come, &c.


Here dwells a pretty Mayd whoſe name is *Sis*, you may come
in and kiſſe: Her hole, her hole, her hole, her whole eſtate is
ſeventeen pence a year, yet you may kiſſe, you may kiſſe, you may kiſſe,
you may kiſſe her, if you come but near. Here, &c.

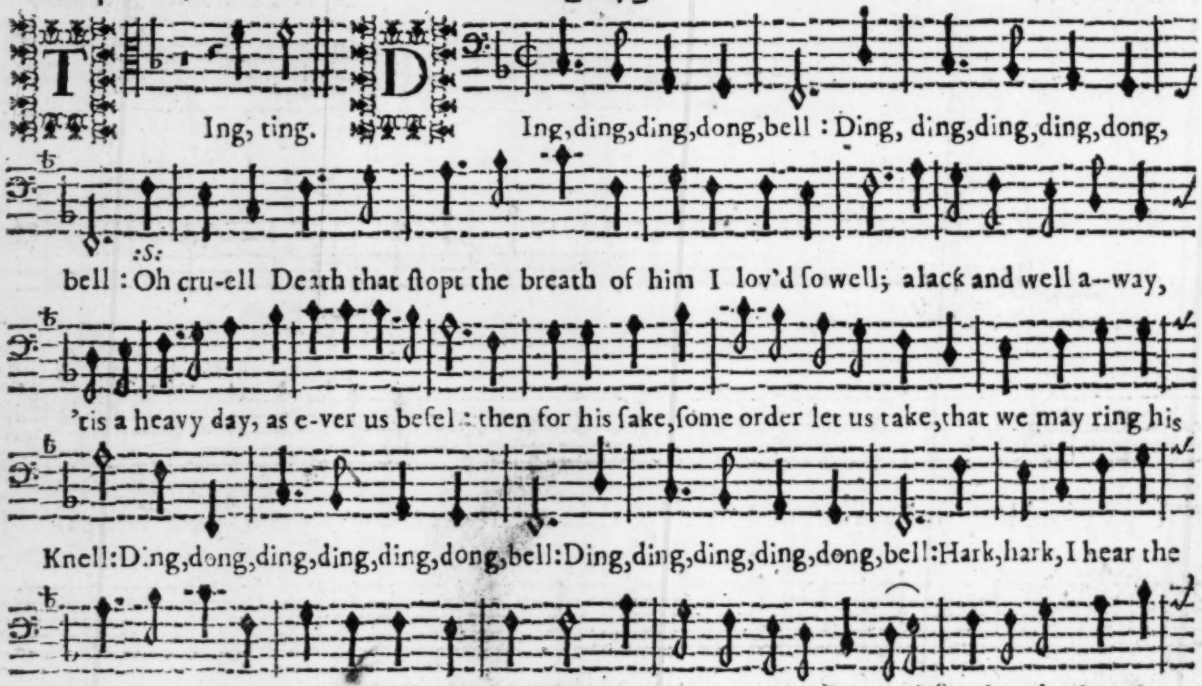

MY La-dy and her Mayd up-on a merry pin, they made a match at farting, who
ſhould the wager win. Jone lights three Candles then, and ſets them bolt upright,
with the firſt fart ſhe blew them out, with the next ſhe gave them light. In comes my La-dy,
then with all her might and main, and blew them out, and in and out, and in and out again.

Onder he goes takes Corns from your Toes, cures the

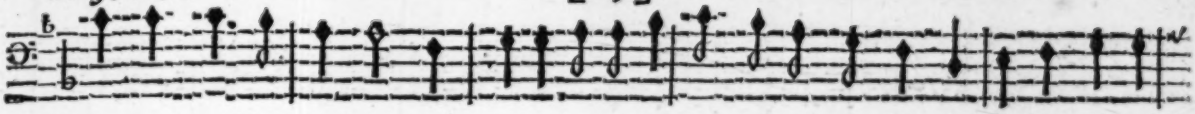
Cout and all woes call him hi-ther, his Skill I will

try before he paſs by, or ſure I ſhal dye this weather: the reports of your fame ſir,

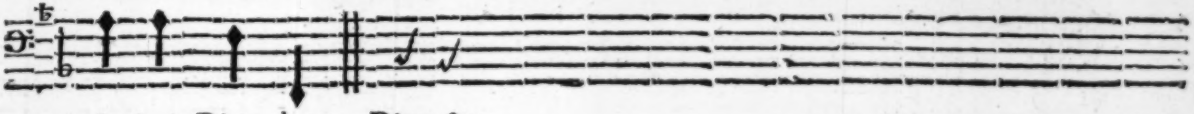
cals you again ſir; ſhew your skill, or ſhame your face ever.


T
Ing, ting.
D
Ing, ding, ding, dong, bell : Ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,
bell : Oh cru-ell Death that ſtopt the breath of him I lov'd ſo well; alack and well a--way,
'tis a heavy day, as e-ver us befel : then for his ſake, ſome order let us take, that we may ring his
Knell: Ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell: Ding, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell: Hark, hark, I hear the
Bel-man near, I hear the bell come ringing; goe Bel-man on before, and ſtand at the dore, for

a. 3. Voc.

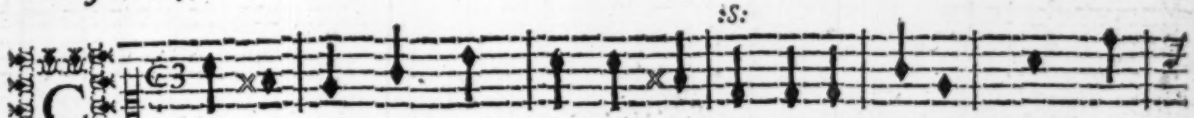


now the Corſe is bringing; make ready all anon, that we may be gone, for all the bels are

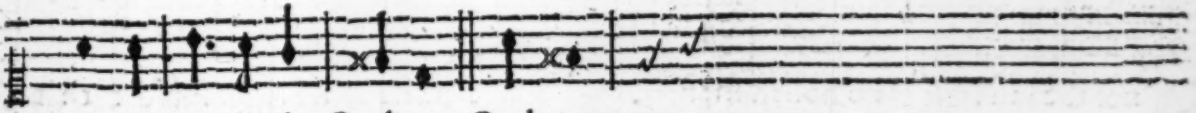


ringing, Ding, dong. Ding, &c.

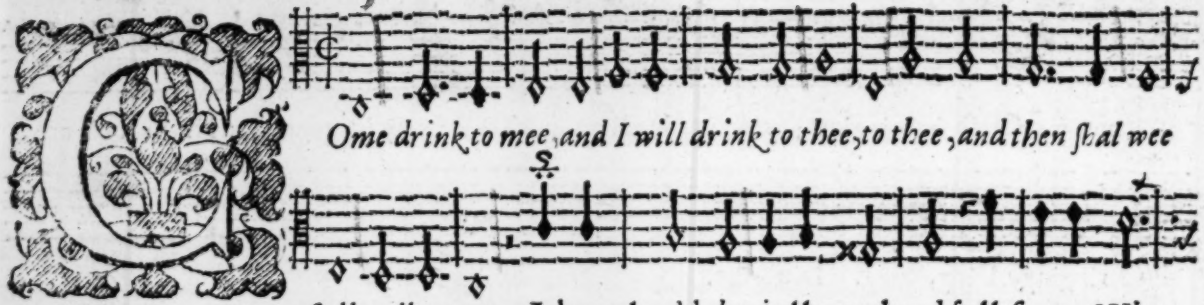
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Stoner.*



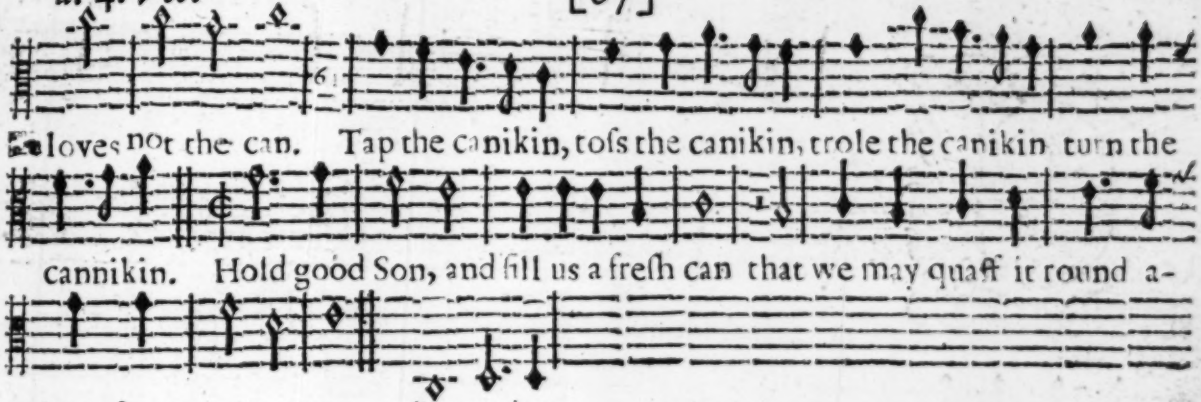
Uckoo, go Neighbours help us to hedge in the Cuckoo, keep, keep,



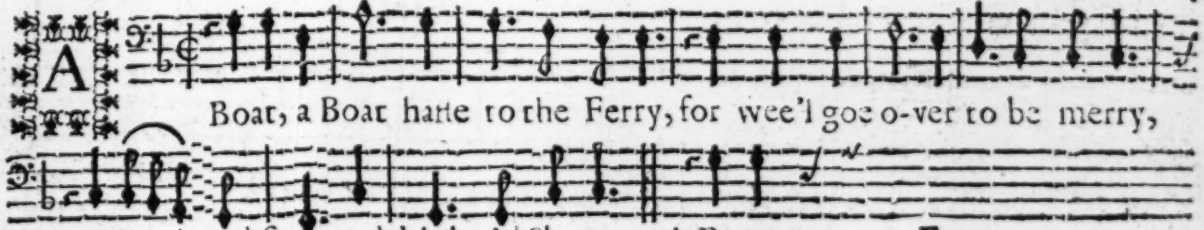
keep, O keep in the Cuckoo. Cuckoo, &c.

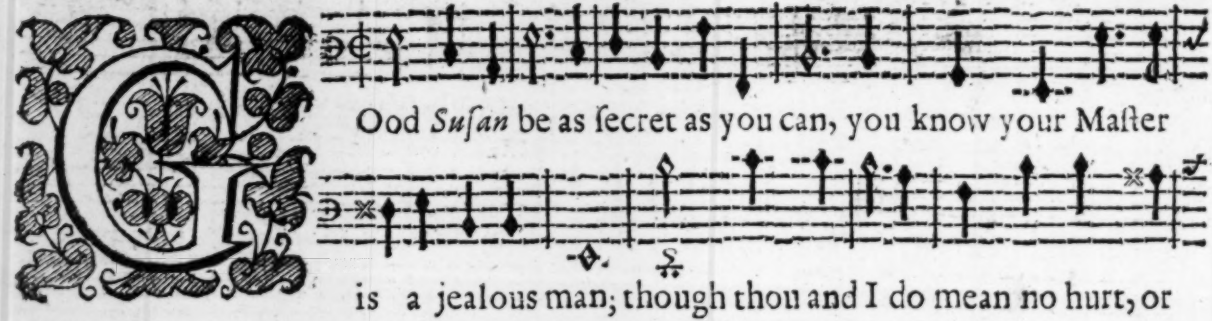

Come drink to mee, and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then ſhal wee
full well agree. I have lov'd the jolly tankard full ſeven Win-
ters, and more I lov'd it ſo long till that I went upon the ſcore. He that loves
not the tankard, is no honeſt man, ij. And he is no right ſouldier that

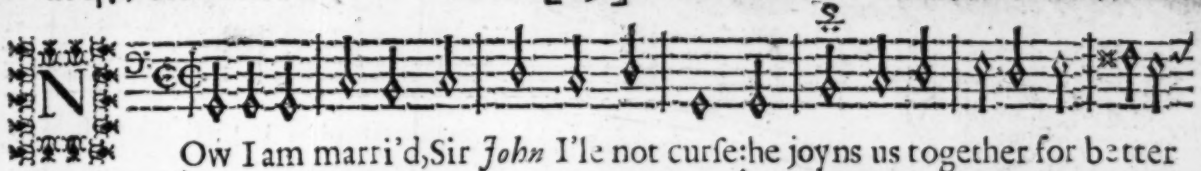
a. 4. Voc.



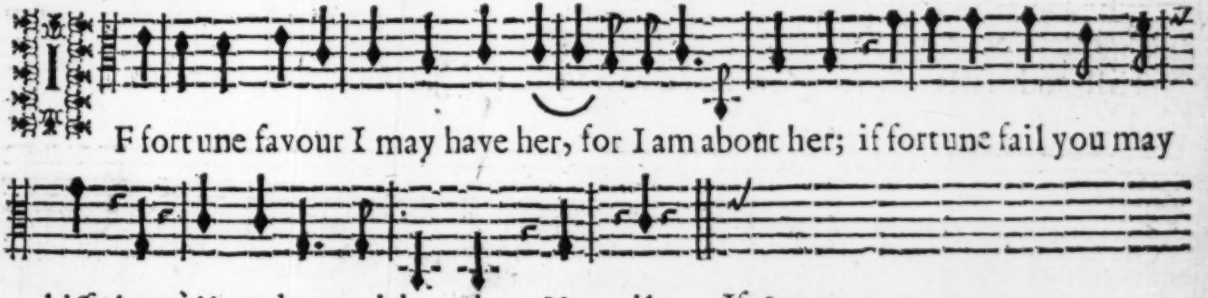
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Jenkins.*

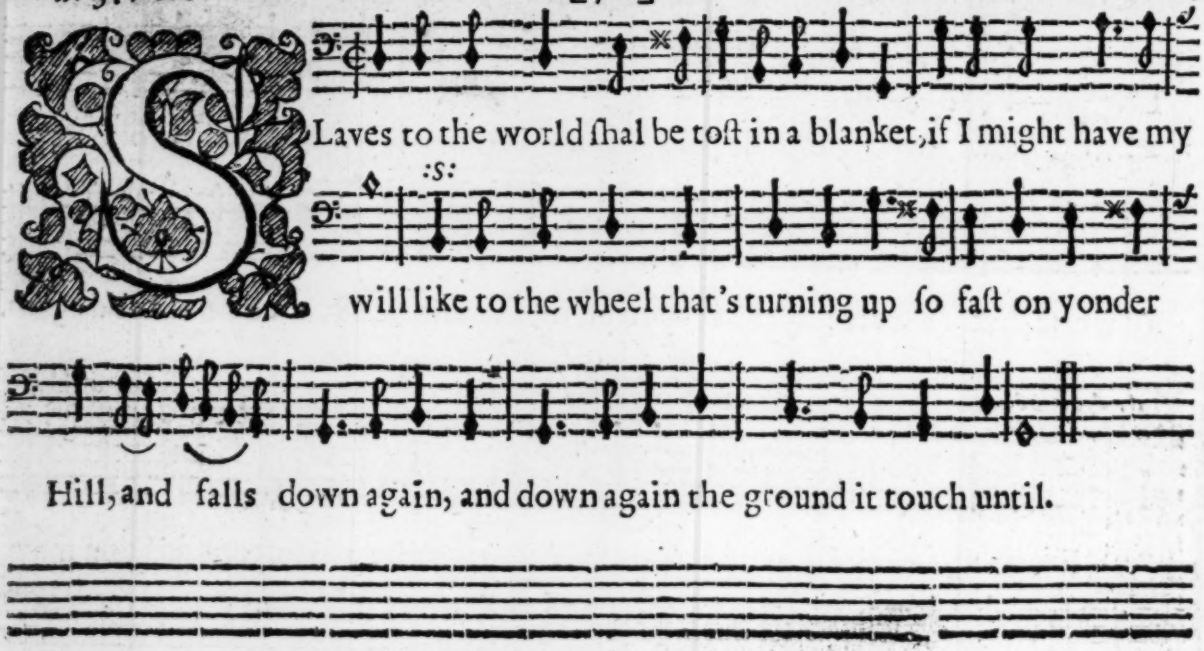


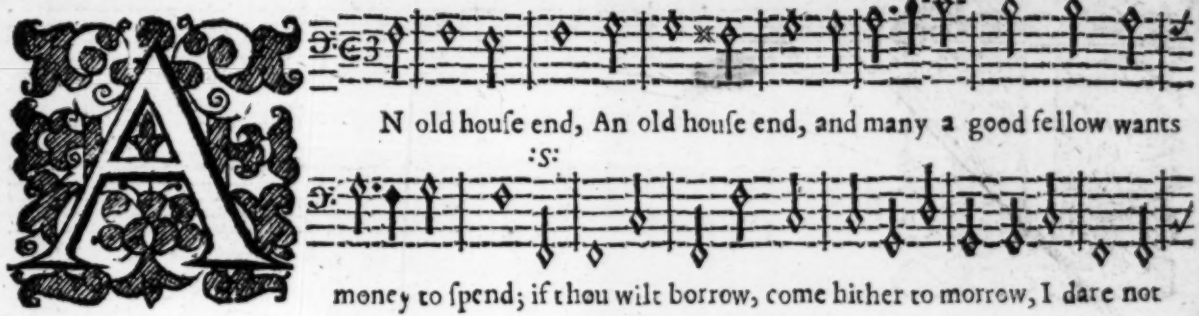

Good *Suſan* be as ſecret as you can, you know your Maſter
is a jealous man; though thou and I do mean no hurt, or
ill, yet men take women in the worſt ſence ſtill: and fear of horns more grief in
hearts hath bred, then wearing horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

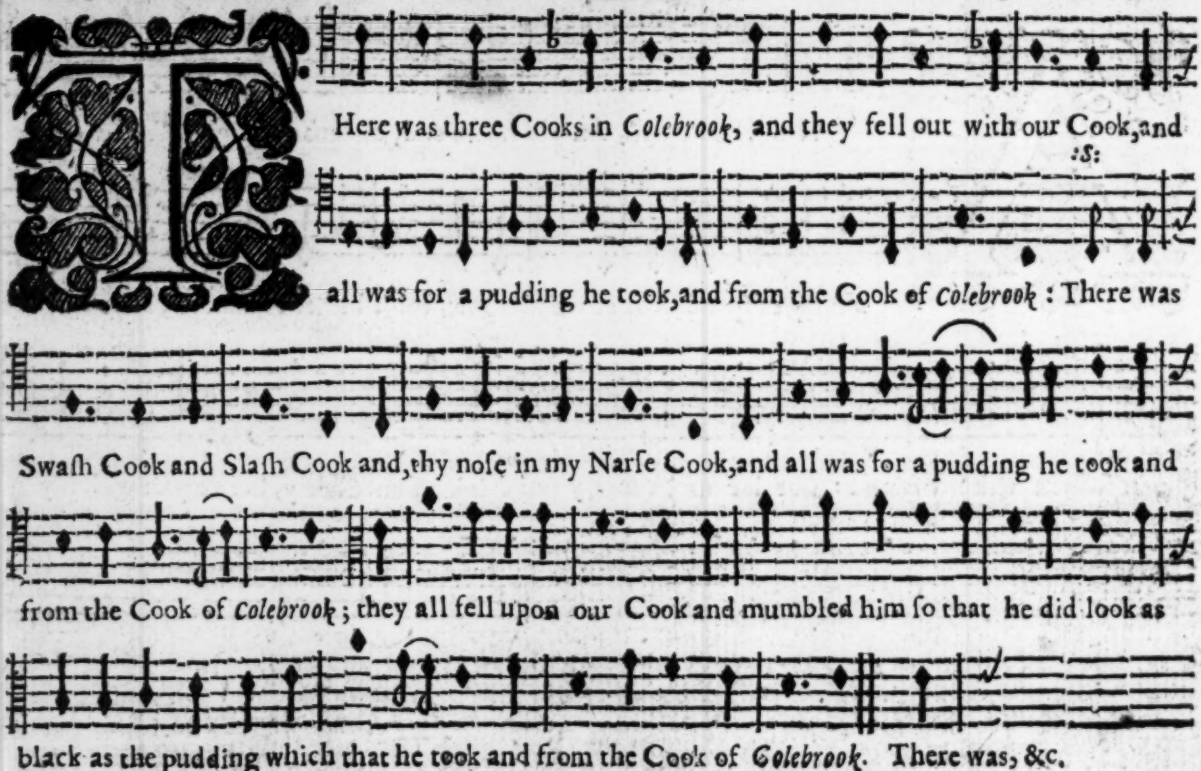

Now I am marri'd, Sir *John* I'le not curſe: he joyns us together for better
for worſe; but if I were ſingle, I tel you plain, I would be advis'd e'r I marri'd again.

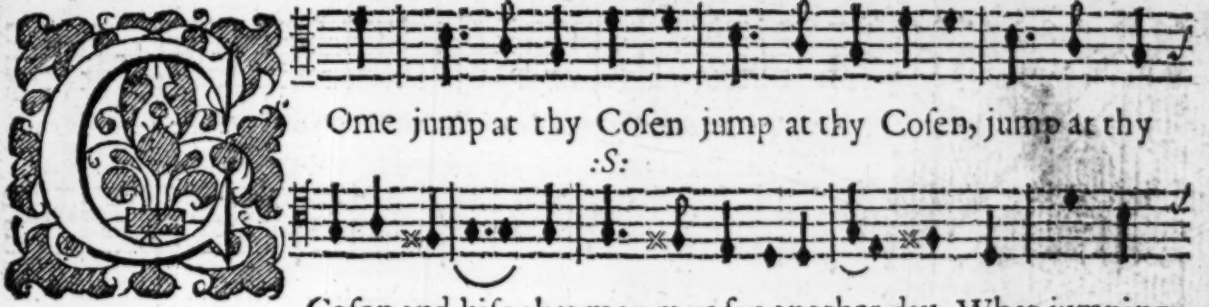
a. 4. *Voc.*


If fortune favour I may have her, for I am about her; if fortune fail you may
kiſſe her tail, and goe without her: Her tail. If, &c.


Laves to the world ſhal be toſt in a blanket, if I might have my
:s:
will like to the wheel that's turning up ſo faſt on yonder
Hill, and falls down again, and down again the ground it touch until.


N old houſe end, An old houſe end, and many a good fellow wants
money to ſpend; if thou wilt borrow, come hither to morrow, I dare not
part ſo ſoon with my friend : But let us be merry and drink off ou: Sherry, but to part with my
money I do not intend : Then a Turd in thy Teeth and an old houſe end.


There was three Cooks in Colebrook, and they fell out with our Cook, and
:S:
all was for a pudding he took, and from the Cook of Colebrook : There was
Swash Cook and Slash Cook and, thy nose in my Nurse Cook, and all was for a pudding he took and
from the Cook of Colebrook; they all fell upon our Cook and mumbled him so that he did look as
black as the pudding which that he took and from the Cook of Colebrook. There was, &c.


Come jump at thy Coſen jump at thy Coſen, jump at thy
:S:
Coſen and kiſs, that men may ſay another day, What jumping
jumping, jumping, jumping, What jumping, jumping, jumping jumping,
call you this?

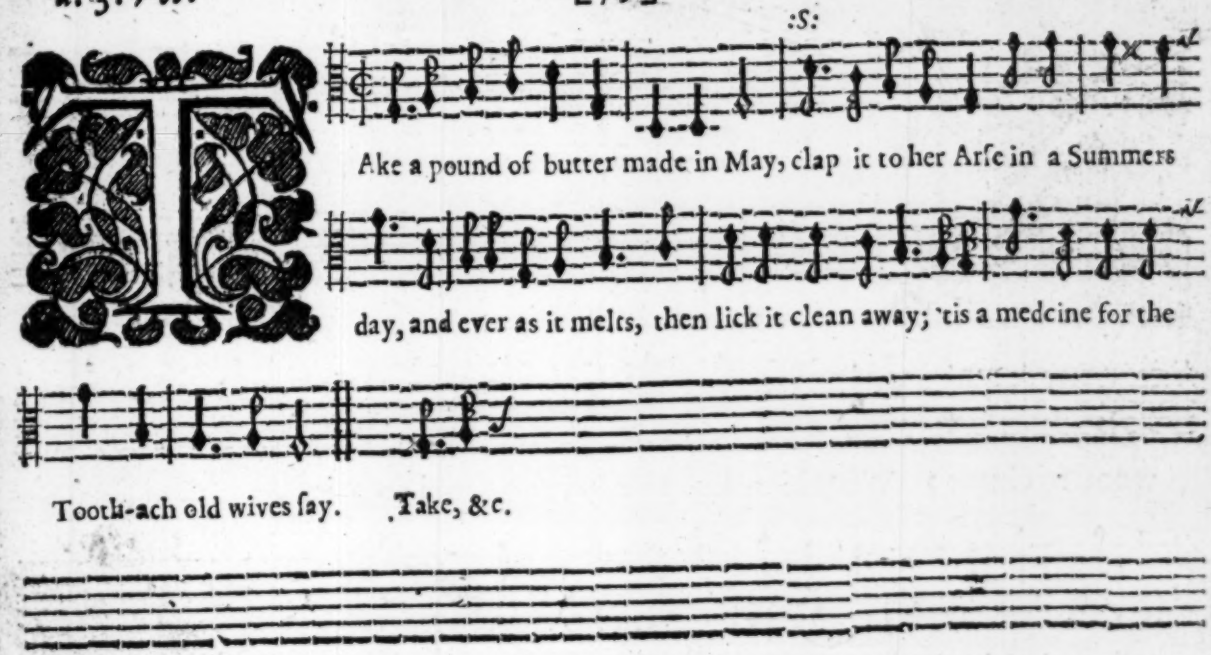
Ow Row we merrily, and ſing full cherily, Nymphs of the water ſwim

:S:

a pace after to London hay, to London hoe hay, with you to London hoe;

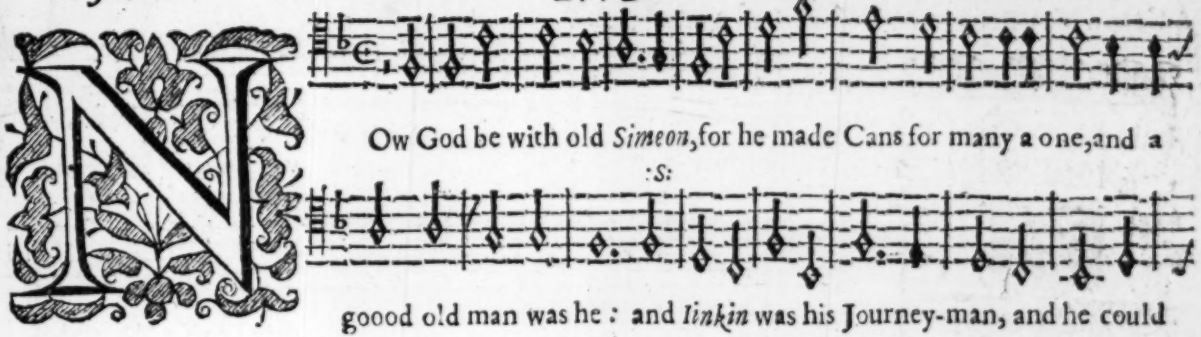
will you go with me Sir, will you go with me Sir, I pray you go with me Sir, to London hay;

I will go I will go with him Sir; will you go with him Sir, I was your firſt man hoe.

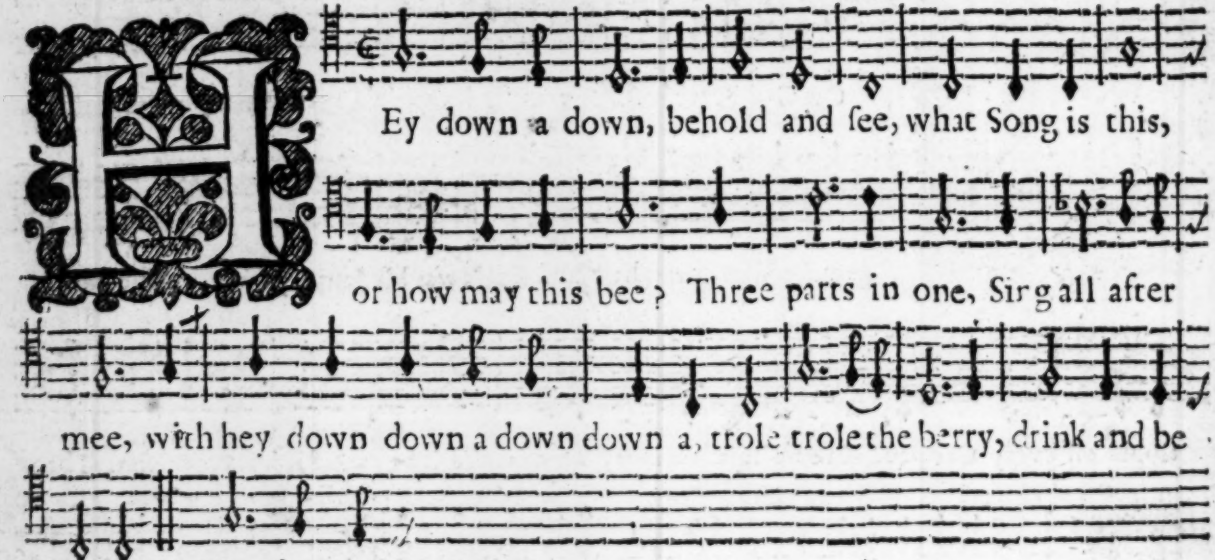

:S:
Take a pound of butter made in May, clap it to her Arſe in a Summers
day, and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away; 'tis a medcine for the
Tooth-ach old wives ſay. Take, &c.

:S:

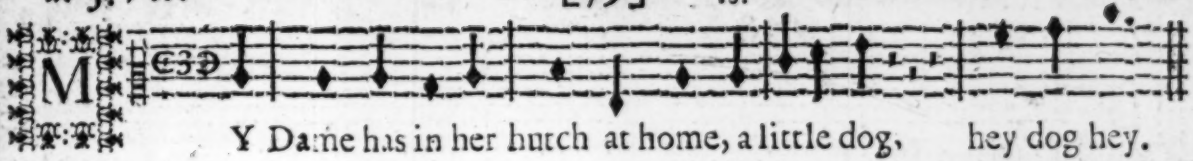
New Oyſters, new Oyſters, new Oyſters new. Have you any wood to cleave? ij. Have you any wood to cleave? What kitchin-ſtuffe have you maides? ij. What kitchin-ſtuffe have you maids? New Oyſters.


Now God be with old Simeon, for he made Cans for many a one, and a
:S:
goood old man was he : and Iinkin was his Journey-man, and he could
tipple off every Can, and thus he ſaid to mee, To whom drink you ? Sir knave, to you. Then
hey ho jolly Iinkin, I ſpy a knave in drinking, come trole the bole to mee. Now God, &c.

A Canon of 3 Parts in one, of the fifth & ninth.

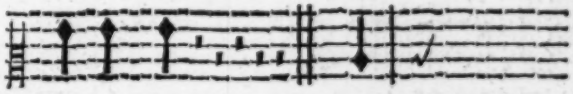


a. 3. Voc. :S:



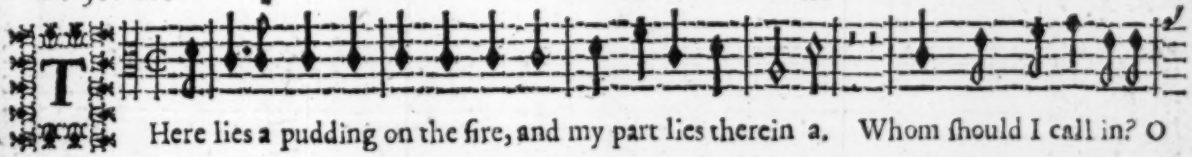
MY Dame has in her hutch at home, a little dog, hey dog hey.

Third.



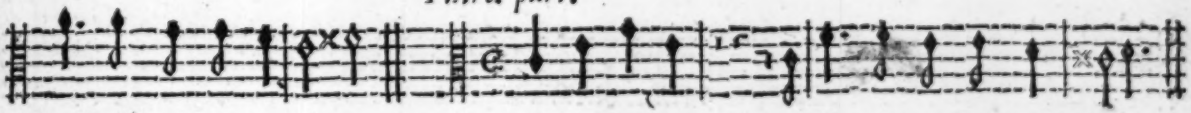
with a clog. My, &c.

a. 3. Voc. :S:

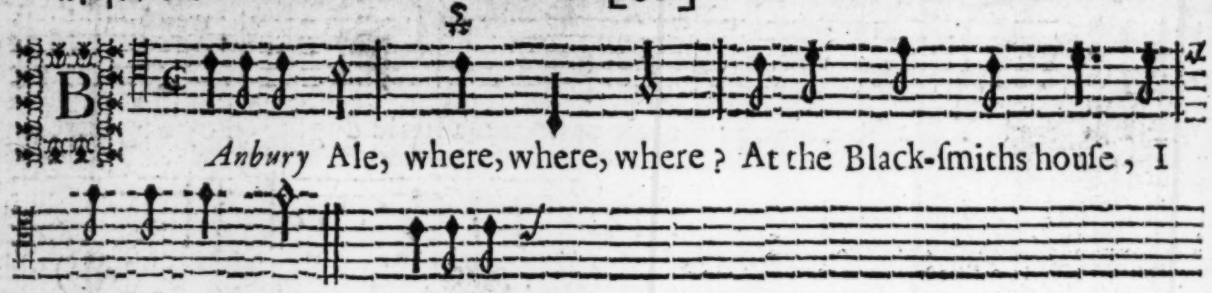


THere lies a pudding on the fire, and my part lies therein a. Whom ſhould I call in? O

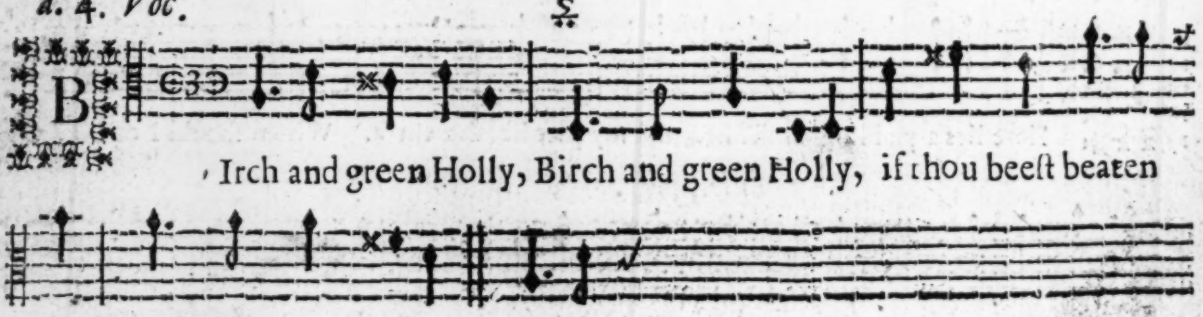
Third part.



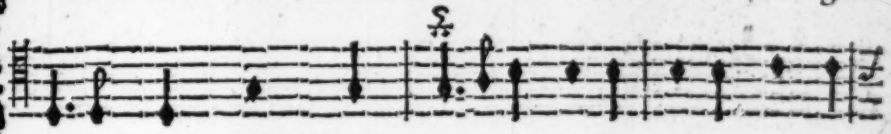
thy good fellows and mine a. Call in, call in, O thy good fellows, and mine a.


Anbury Ale, where, where, where? At the Black-ſmiths houſe, I
would I were there. *Banbury*, &c.

a. 4. *Voc.*

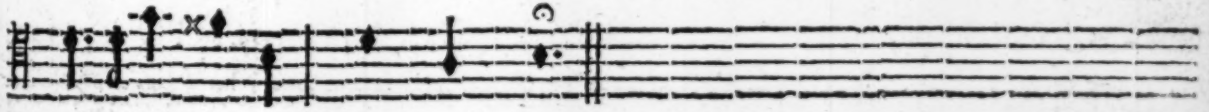

Irch and green Holly, Birch and green Holly, if thou beeſt beaten
boy thank thine owne folly. Birch, &c.

Ault's come down, Mault's come down, from an old Angel

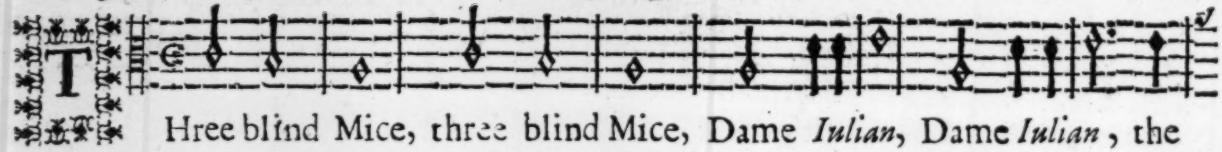


to a French crown: There's never a maid in all this town, but

well ſhe knows that Mault's come down, the greateſt drunkards in this town,



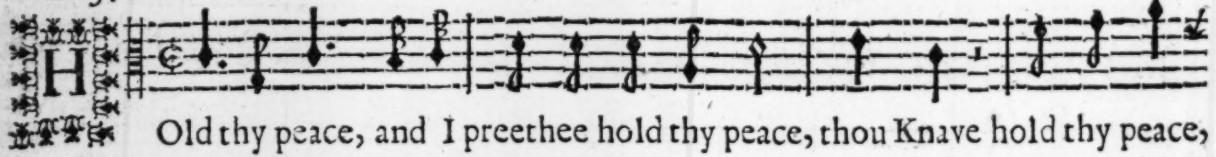
are very glad that Mault's come down.



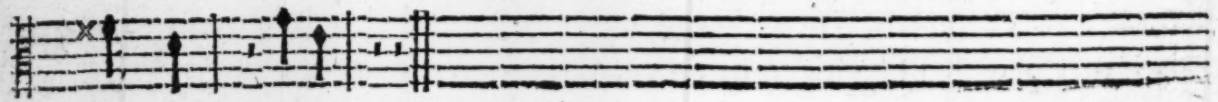
THree blind Mice, three blind Mice, Dame *Iulian*, Dame *Iulian*, the

Miller and his merry old wife, ſhe ſcrap'd her tripe lick thou the knife.

a. 3. Voc. :S:

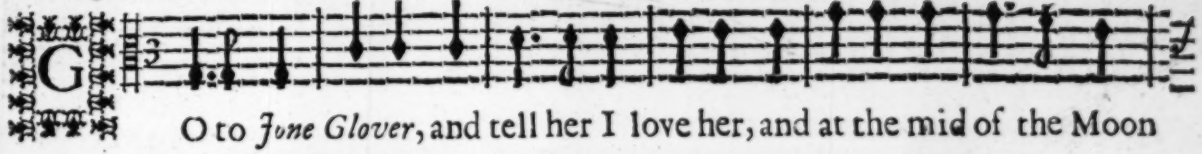


HOld thy peace, and I preethee hold thy peace, thou Knave hold thy peace,

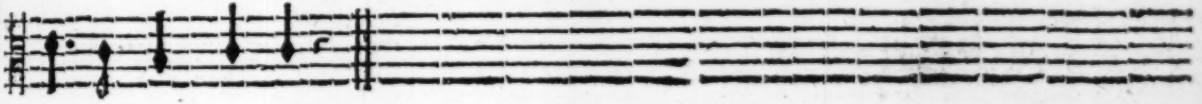


thou Knave thou Knave.

a. 3. Voc.

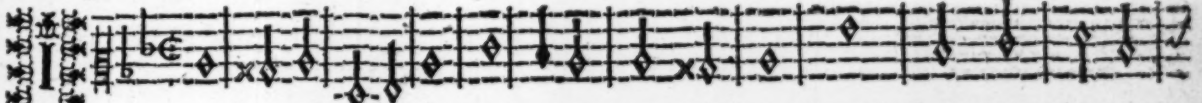


GO to *Jone Glover*, and tell her I love her, and at the mid of the Moon

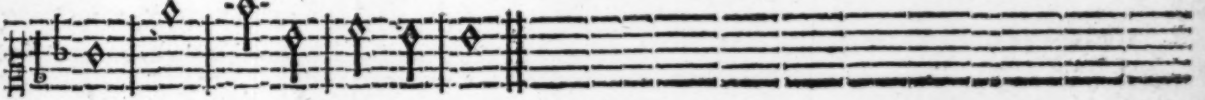


I will come to her.

a. 3. Voc.



I CUBAK, and evermore will be, though *John Cooke* he ſaith



nay; O what a Knave is he?

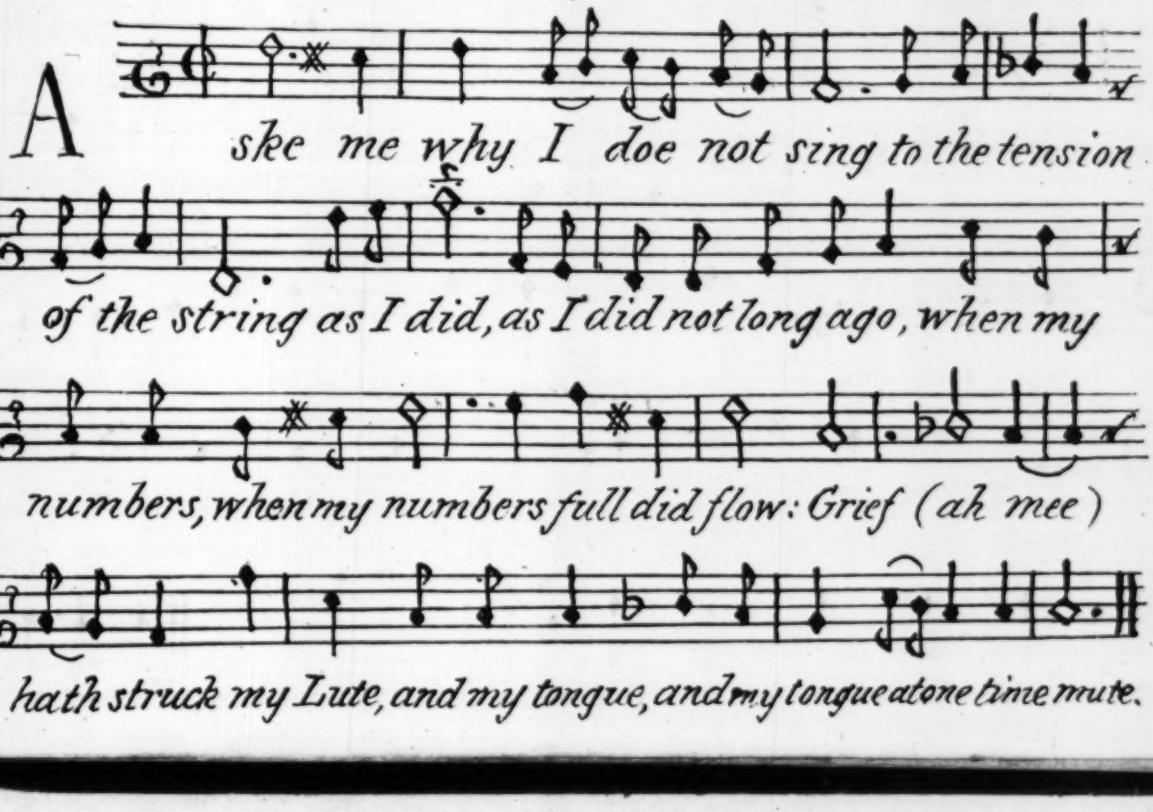
Ill me my Wine in Chriſtall, thus, and thus, I ſee't in's

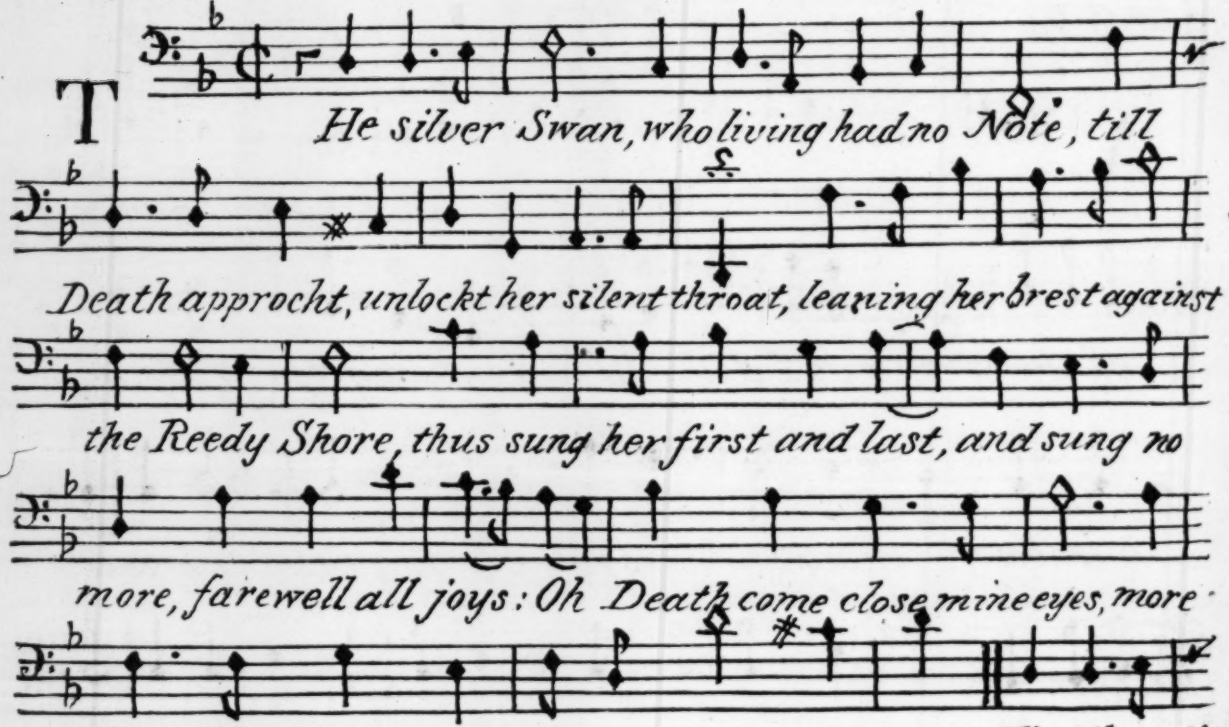
pu-ris na-tu--ra--li-bus un--mixt, I love to have it ſmirk,

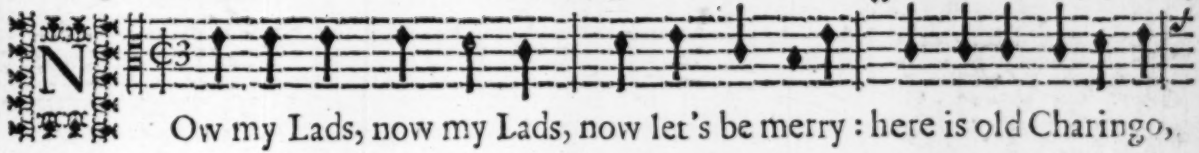
ſmirk, ſmirk, and ſhine, 'tis ſin I know, 'tis ſin to throt-tle wine; what mad man's

he, that when it ſparkles ſo will cool his flames, or quench his fires with ſnow.

a 3 Voc [85] Mr William Webb.



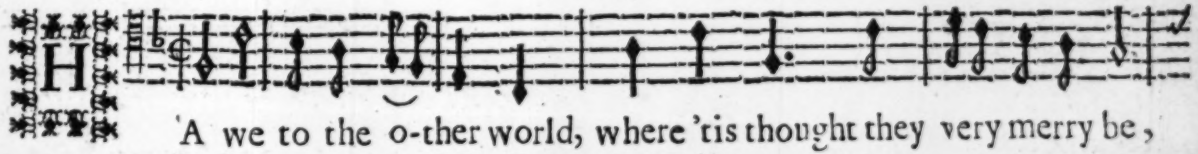

THe silver Swan, who living had no Note, till
Death approcht, unlockt her silent throat, leaning her brest against
the Reedy Shore, thus sung her first and last, and sung no
more, farewell all joys: Oh Death come close mine eyes, more
Geese then Swans now live more fooles then wise. The silver &c



Now my Lads, now my Lads, now let's be merry : here is old Charingo,

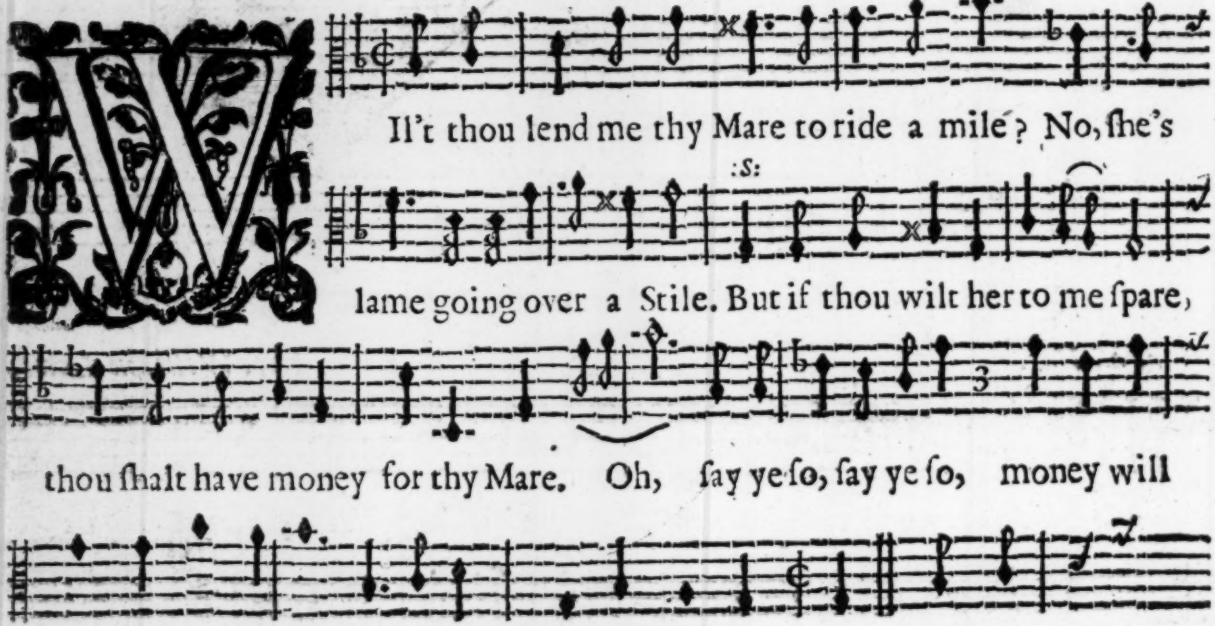
Syder and Perry : then let us dance and ſing, hey down, down derry.

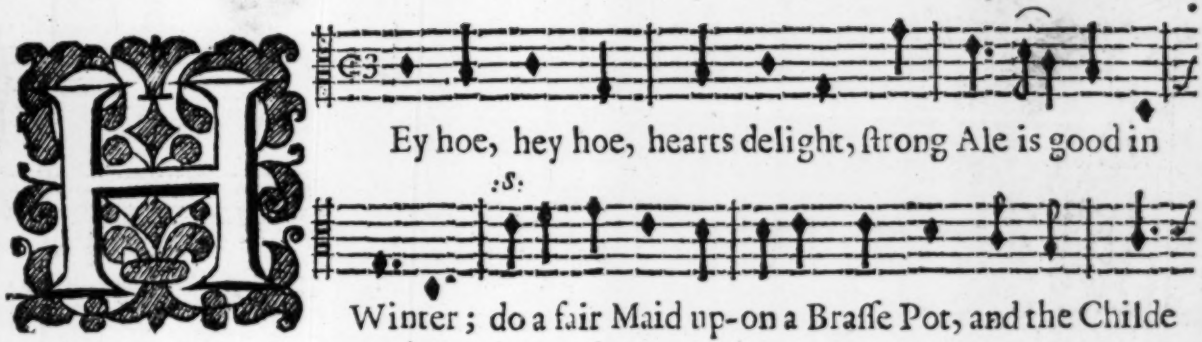
a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *William Laws.*

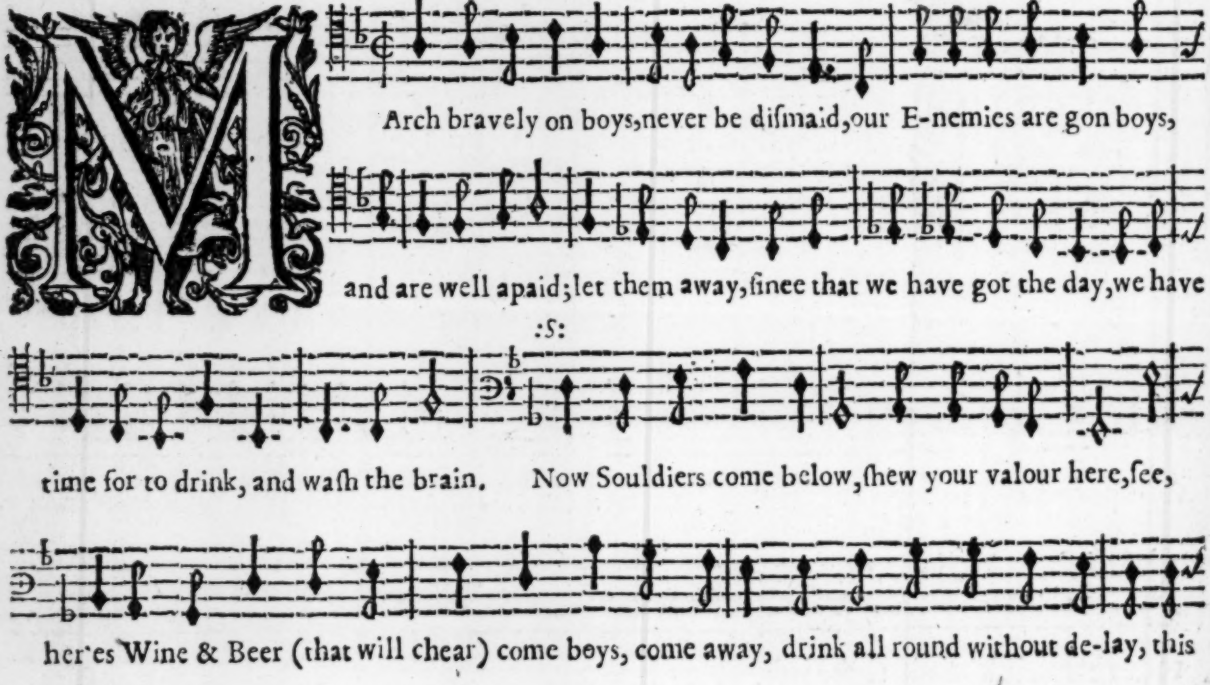


Ha we to the o-ther world, where 'tis thought they very merry be,

there the man in the Moon drinks Claret, a health to thee and mee.

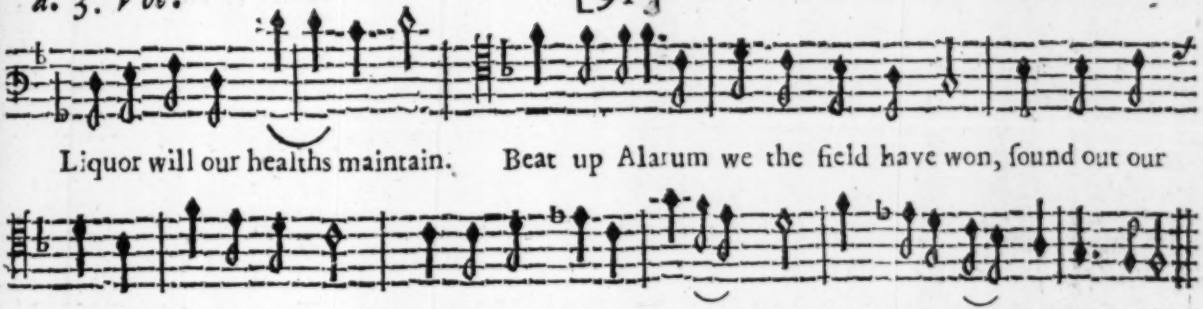

Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to ride a mile? No, ſhe's
lame going over a Stile. But if thou wilt her to me ſpare,
thou ſhalt have money for thy Mare. Oh, ſay ye ſo, ſay ye ſo, money will
make my Mare to go, money will make my Mare to go. Wilt thou, &c.


Ey hoe, hey hoe, hearts delight, ſtrong Ale is good in
:S:
Winter; do a fair Maid up-on a Braſſe Pot, and the Childe
will prove a Tinker, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tera tink, tink, tink
tera re-ra rink, tink, tink, tink. Hey hoe, &c.

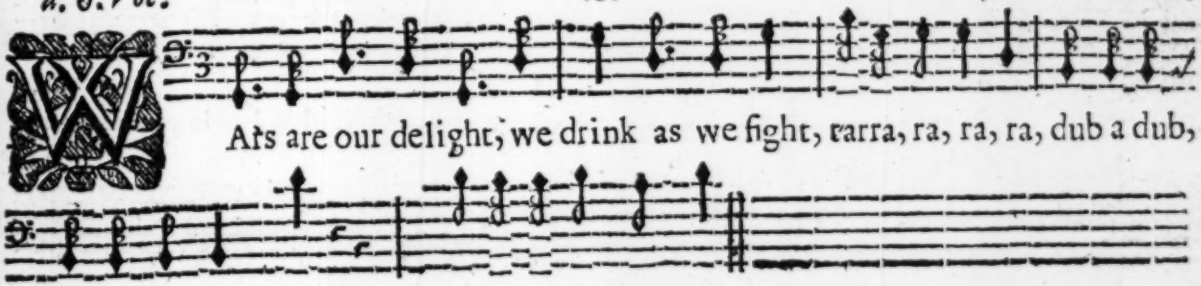

Arch bravely on boys, never be diſmaid, our E-nemies are gon boys,
and are well apaid; let them away, ſinee that we have got the day, we have
:S:
time for to drink, and waſh the brain. Now Souldiers come below, ſhew your valour here, ſee,
her'es Wine & Beer (that will chear) come boys, come away, drink all round without de-lay, this

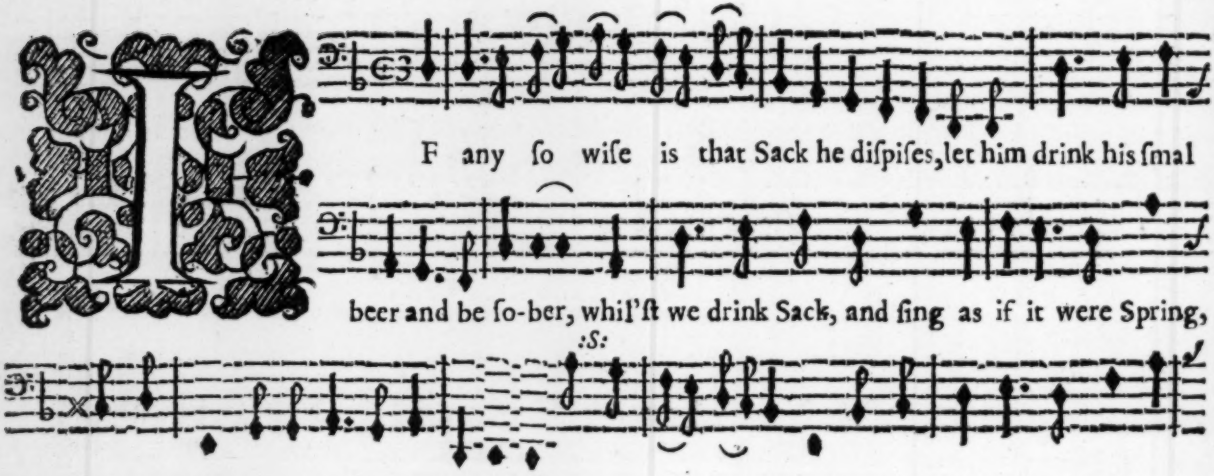
+ Hilton

a. 3. Voc.

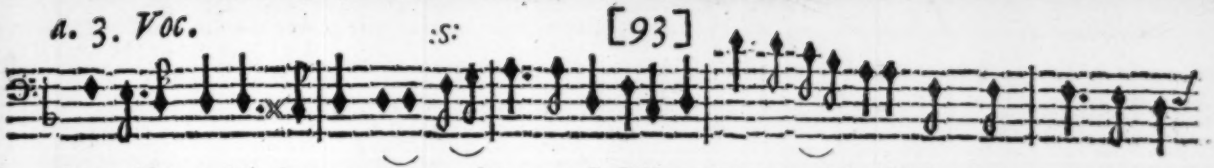


a. 6. Voc. :S: Mr, *William Laws.*

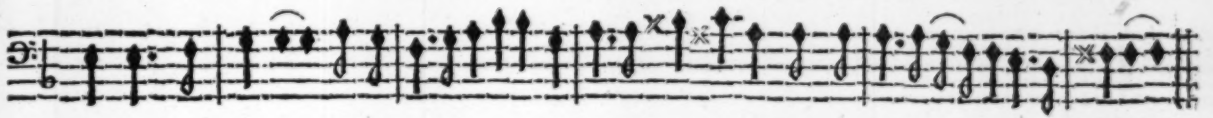



IF any ſo wiſe is that Sack he diſpiſes, let him drink his ſmal
beer and be ſo-ber, whil'ſt we drink Sack, and ſing as if it were Spring,
:S:
he ſhall droop like the trees in October. But be ſure o--ver night if this dog do you bite, you
take it henceforth for a warning, ſoon as out of your bed, to ſettle your head, take a

a. 3. Voc.

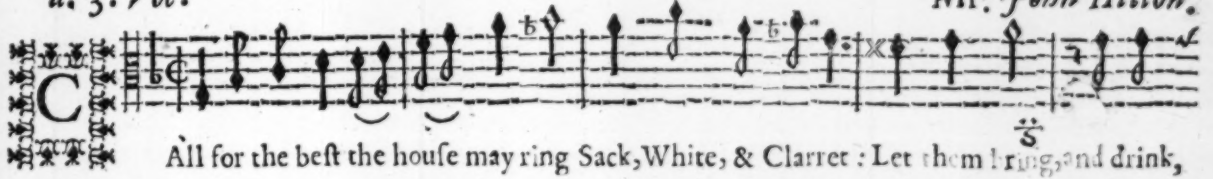


hair of his tayl in the mor-ning, and be not ſo ſi-lly to fol-low old *Lilly*, for there's nothing but



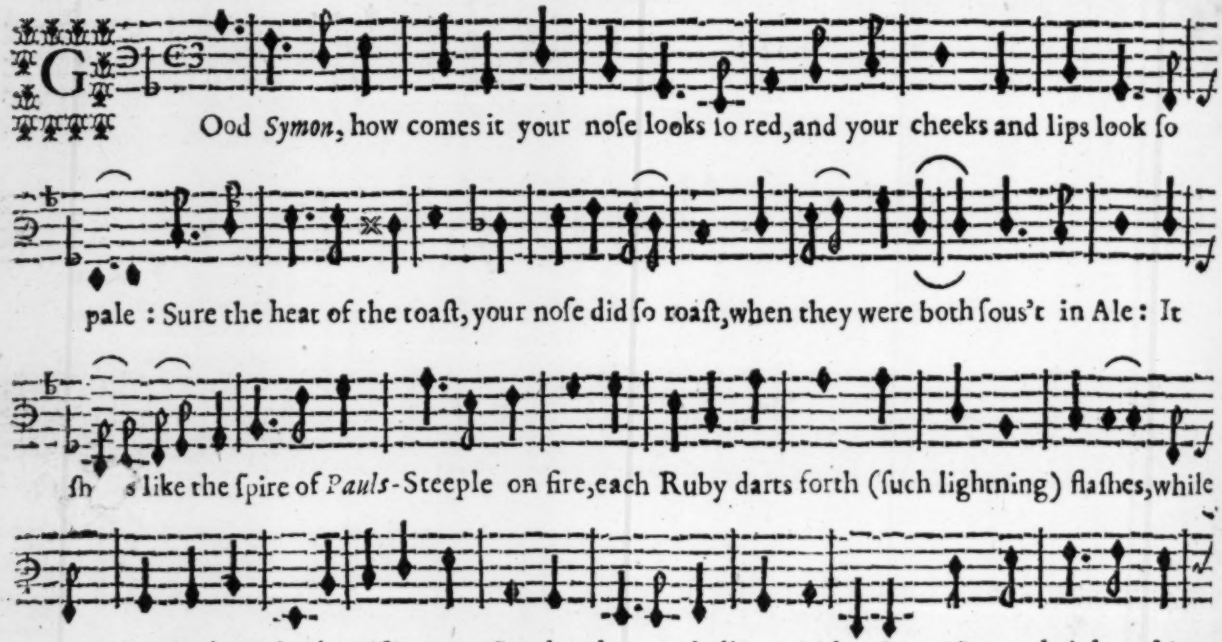
Sack that can tune us; let his *ne-aſſueſcas* be put in his cap caſe, and ſing *bi bi-to vi-num Je-ju-nus.*

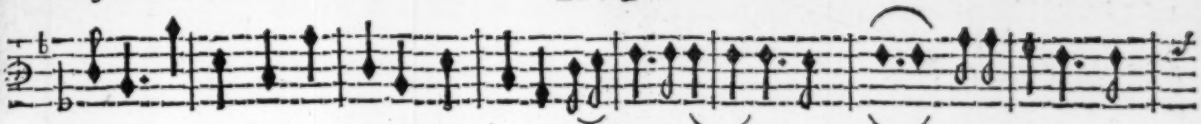
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*



All for the beſt the houſe may ring Sack, White, & Clarret: Let them bring, and drink,

apace, & drink apace, while breth you have, while breth you have, you'l find but cold drink in the grave.

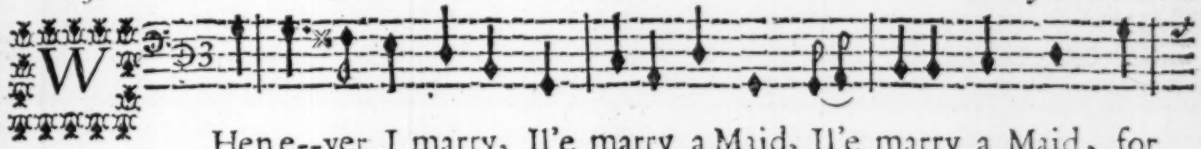

Good *Symon*, how comes it your noſe looks ſo red, and your cheeks and lips look ſo
pale : Sure the heat of the toaſt, your noſe did ſo roaſt, when they were both ſous't in Ale : It
ſh s like the ſpire of *Pauls*-Steeple on fire, each Ruby darts forth (ſuch lightning) flaſhes, while
y our face looks as dead, as if it were Lead, and cover'd all o're with Aſhes : Now to he'ghten his



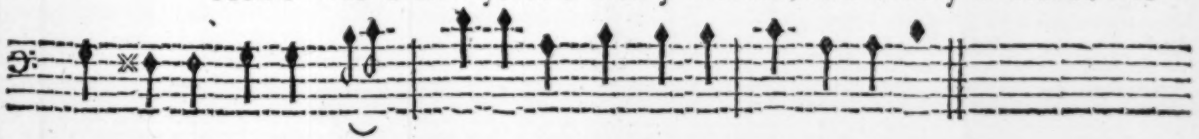
colour, yet fill his pot, fill his pot fuller, and nick it not ſo with froth: Gra-mercy mine

Hoſt, it ſhall ſave thee a Toaſt, ſup *Symon* for here is good Broth. Good *Symon*, &c.

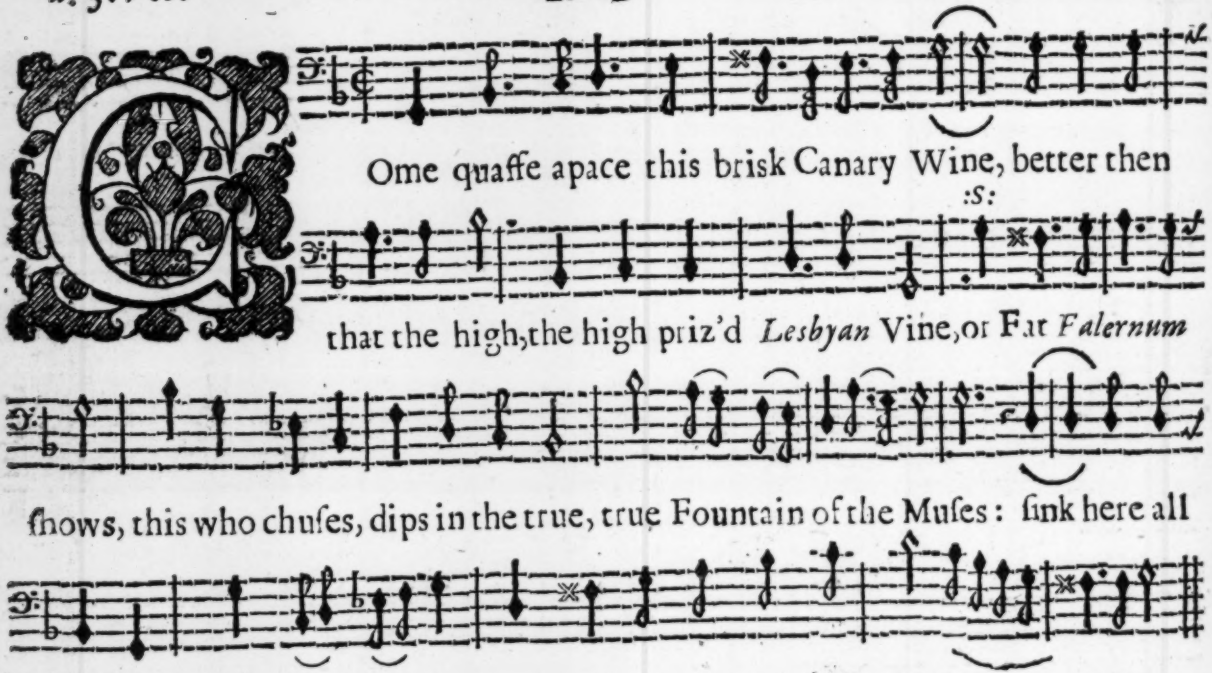
a. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. *John Hilton.*

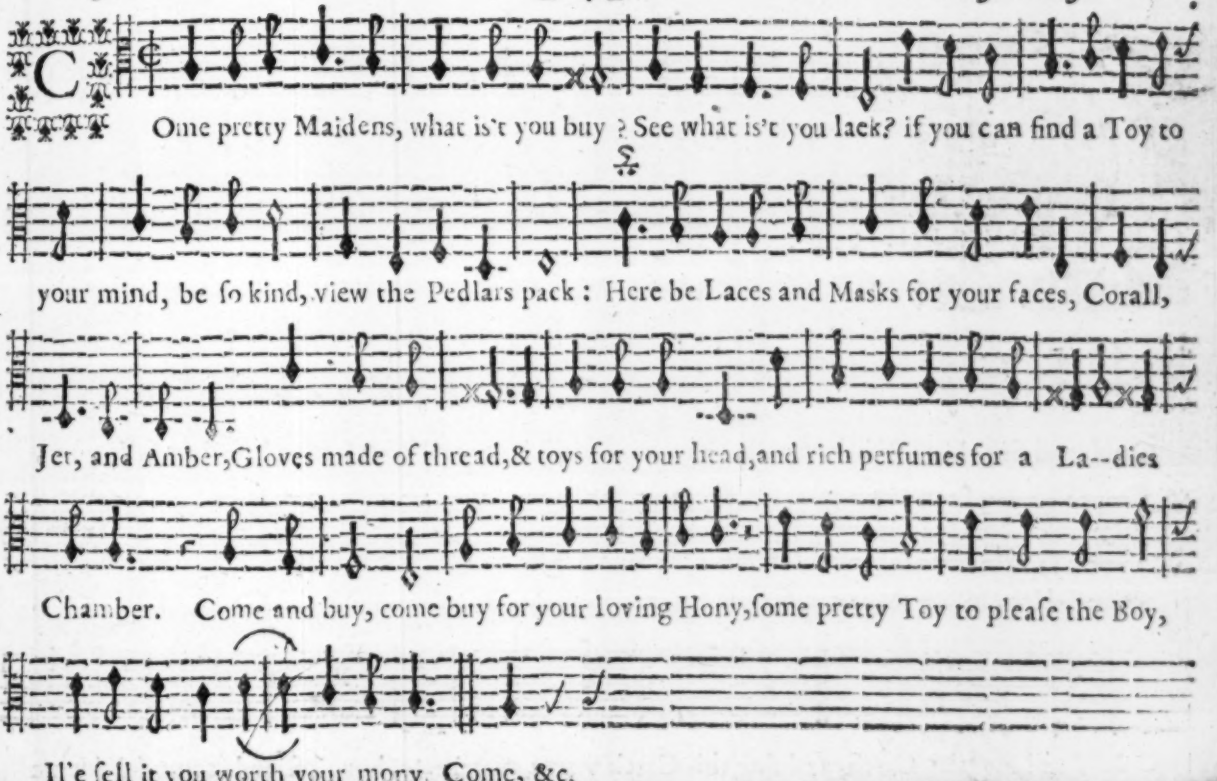


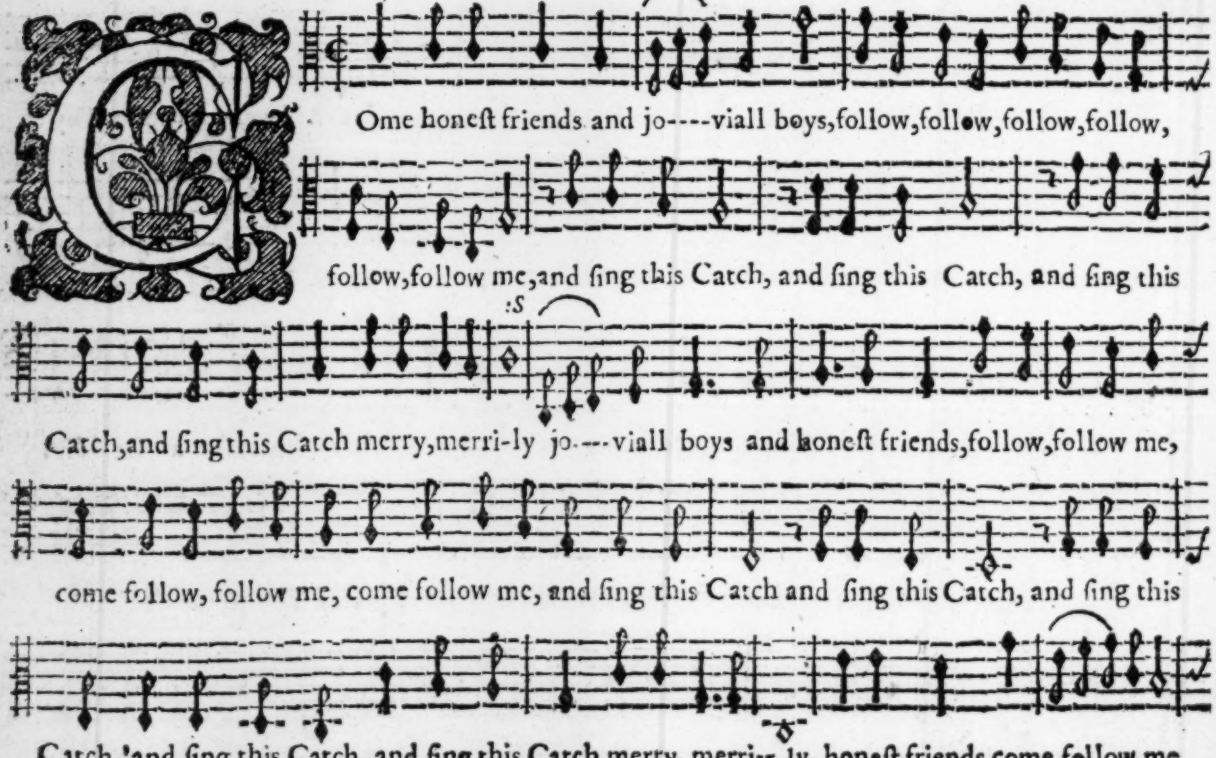
Hen e--ver I marry, Il'e marry a Maid, Il'e marry a Maid, for



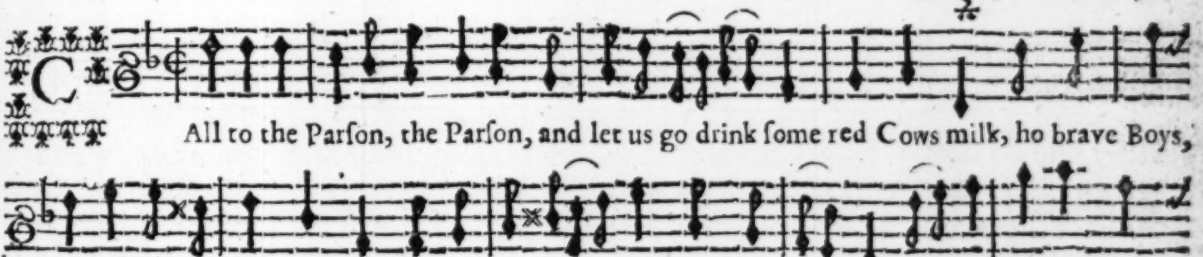
Widows are wilful, for Widows are wilful, and will be obey'd.

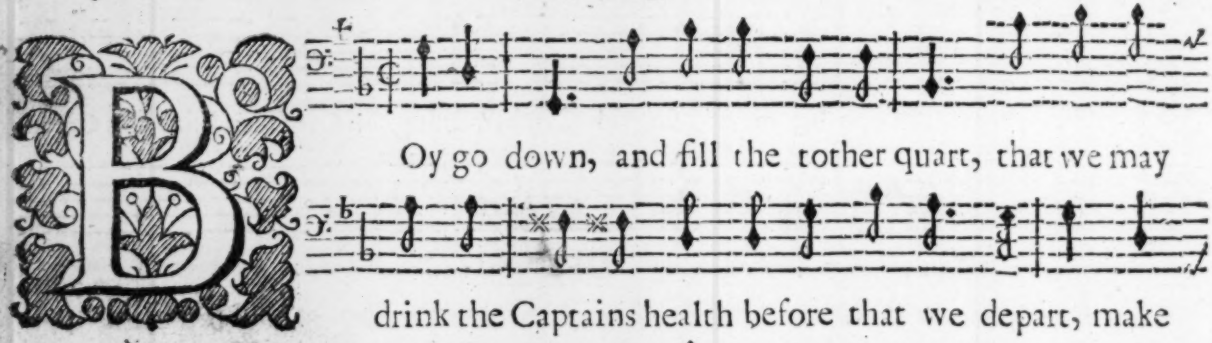

Come quaffe apace this brisk Canary Wine, better then
:S:
that the high, the high priz'd *Lesbyan* Vine, or Fat *Falernum*
ſhows, this who chuſes, dips in the true, true Fountain of the Muſes: ſink here all
care with mirth wee'l fill the Scean, and like mad Greekiſh Gods piſſe *Mintalyne.*

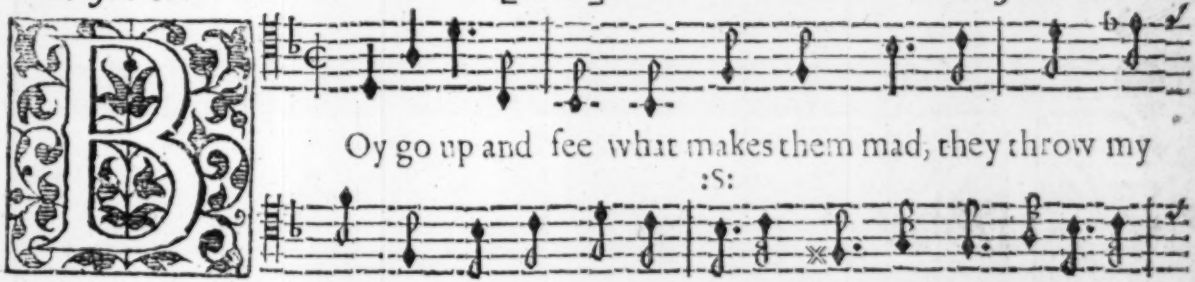

COme pretty Maidens, what is't you buy ? See what is't you lack? if you can find a Toy to
your mind, be ſo kind, view the Pedlars pack : Here be Laces and Masks for your faces, Corall,
Jet, and Amber, Gloves made of thread, & toys for your head, and rich perfumes for a La--dies
Chamber. Come and buy, come buy for your loving Hony, ſome pretty Toy to pleaſe the Boy,
Il'e ſell it you worth your mony. Come, &c.

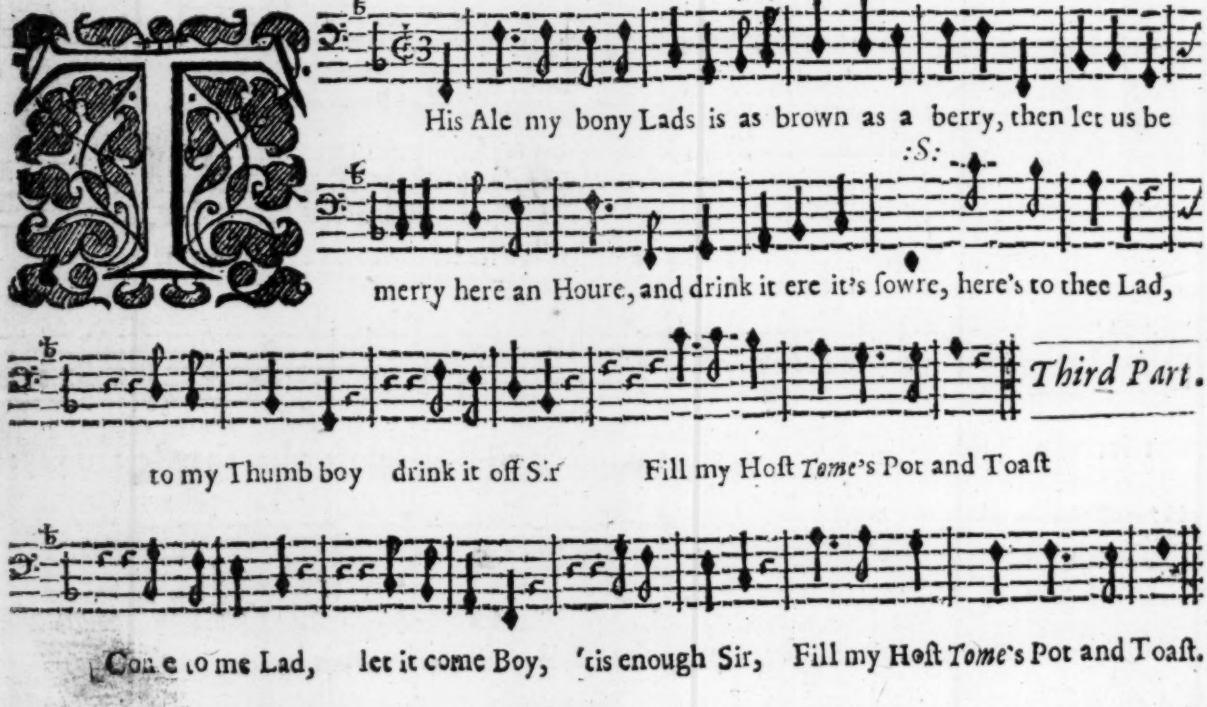

Come honeſt friends and jo----viall boys, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch merry, merri-ly jo---viall boys and honeſt friends, follow, follow me,
come follow, follow me, come follow me, and ſing this Catch and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch merry, merri--ly, honeſt friends come follow me

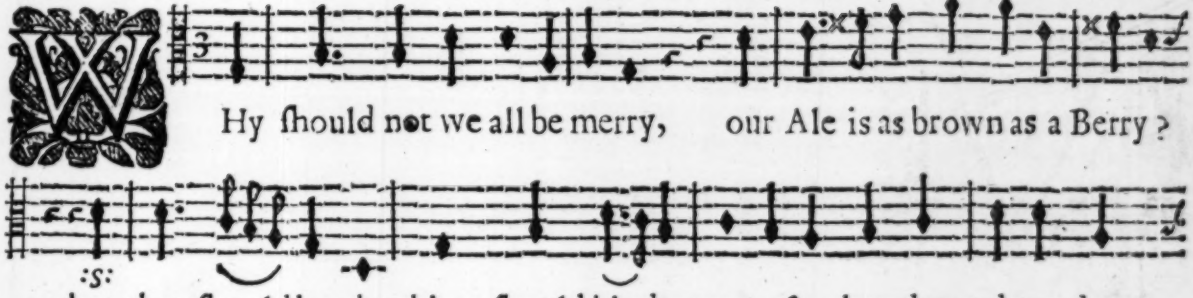
a. 3. Voc. Dr. *John Wilſon.*




Boy go down, and fill the tother quart, that we may
drink the Captains health before that we depart, make
haſte and come away, for here we muſt not ſtay, be nimble then you Knave wee'l
meet another day, Oh do not frown you arrant Clown, when we cry. Boy, &c.


Oy go up and ſee what makes them mad, they throw my
:S:
ſtools, like drunken fools as mony none they had, be nimble
then they'l meet another day, and then they all ſhall know what they left to pay:
Speak them fair thou Clown, pray them all come down.


His Ale my bony Lads is as brown as a berry, then let us be
merry here an Houre, and drink it ere it's ſowre, here's to thee Lad,
Third Part.
to my Thumb boy drink it off Sir Fill my Hoſt *Tome*'s Pot and Toaſt
Come to me Lad, let it come Boy, 'tis enough Sir, Fill my Hoſt *Tome*'s Pot and Toaſt.


Why ſhould not we all be merry, our Ale is as brown as a Berry?
what then ſhould be the thing, ſhould hinder us to ſing hey down derry down
derry, hey down a down hey down derry, hey down a down down a down down a
down down down derry. Why, &c.

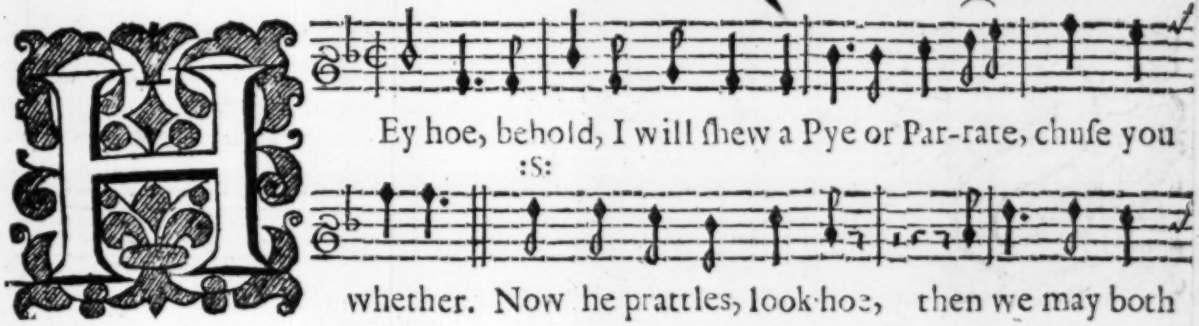
Ark how theſe Knaviſh Reſts good earneſt makes of Jeſts, Mark how

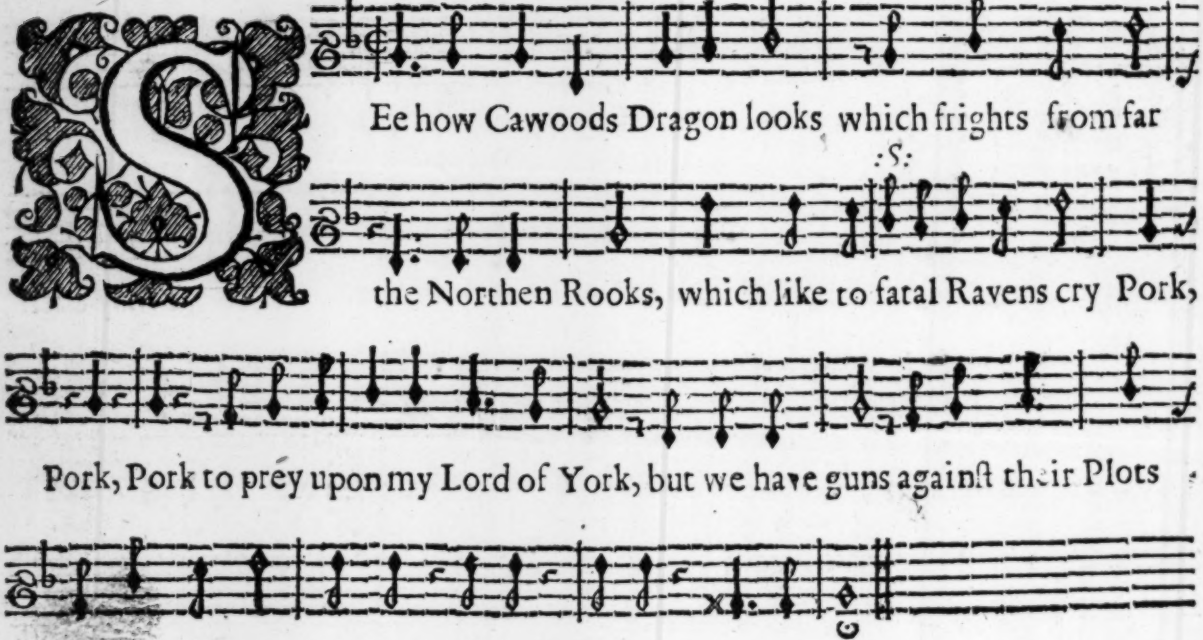
theſe Knaviſh Reſts good earneſt good earneſt good earneſt makes of

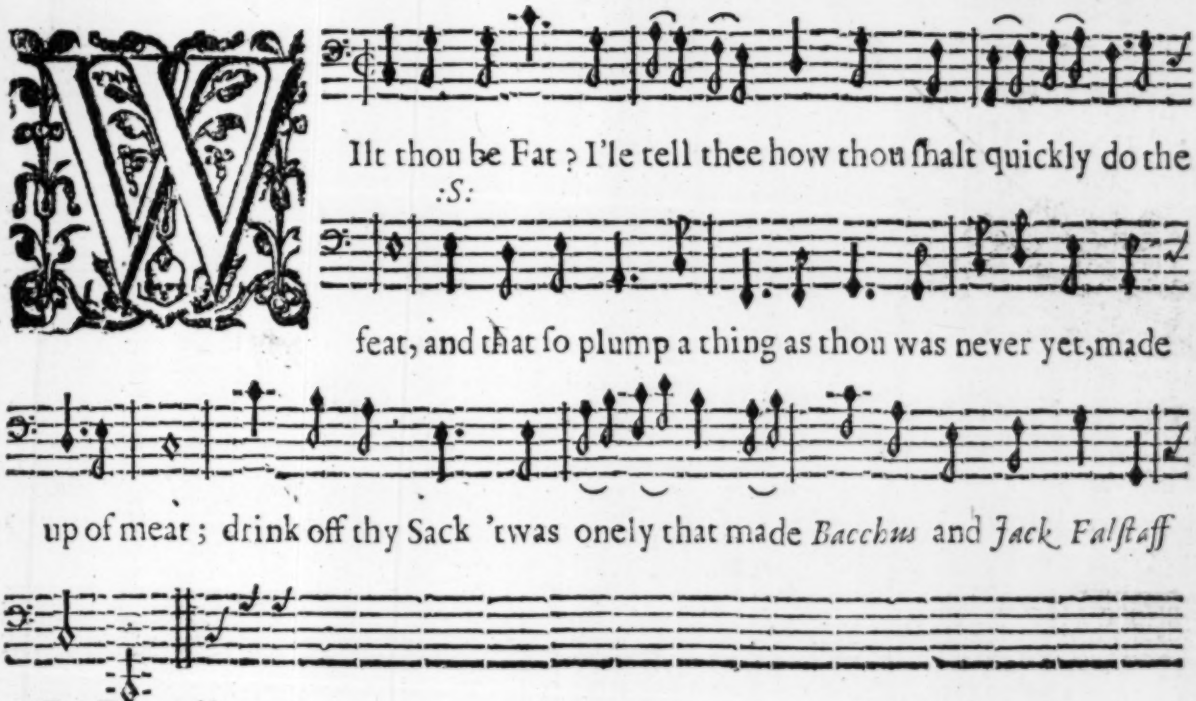
Jeſts. A young man and a Maid were playing without offence without offence without offence

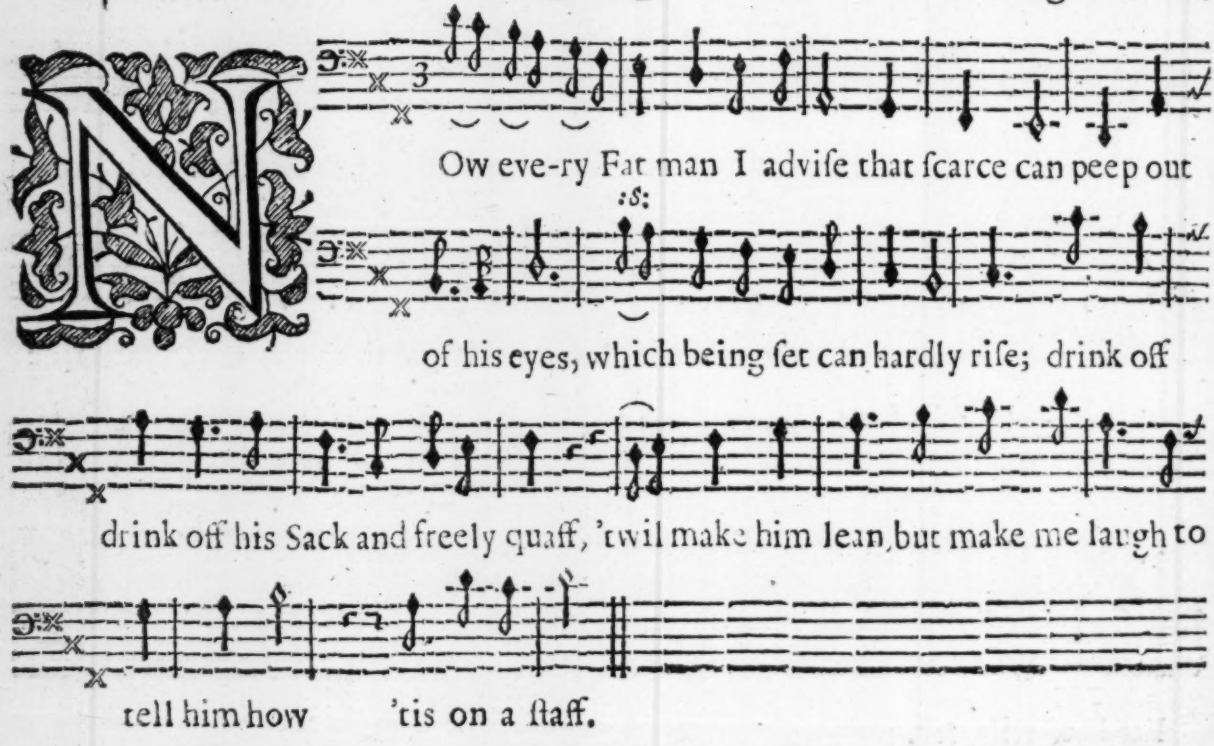
offence, playing without offence. Hee took her by the Cony the Cony the

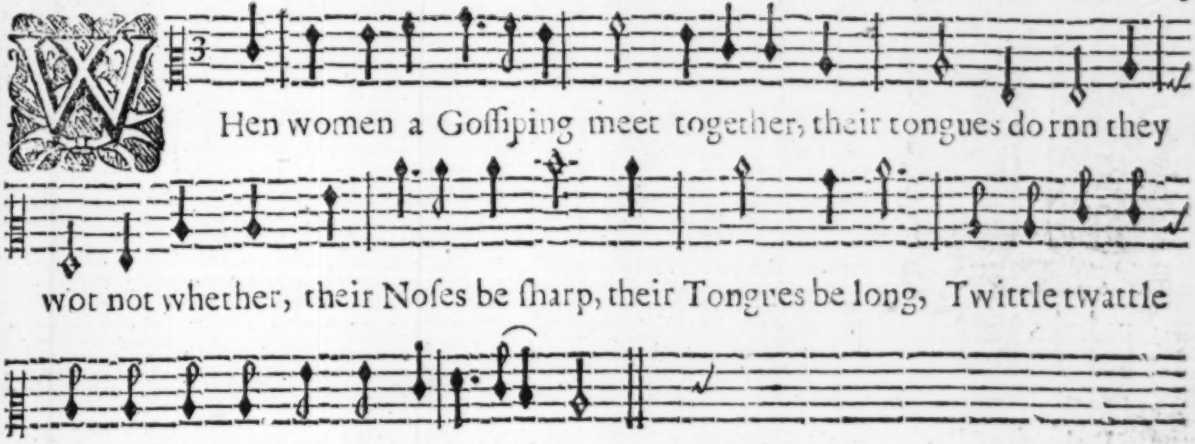
Cony the Conyskin Muffe which coſt her eighteen pence. Mark, &c.


Hey hoe, behold, I will ſhew a Pye or Par-rate, chuſe you
whether. Now he prattles, look hoe, then we may both
ſhake hands together. Thou prateſt like a Cuckoo, then we may both ſhake
hands together. Hey hoe, behold, &c.

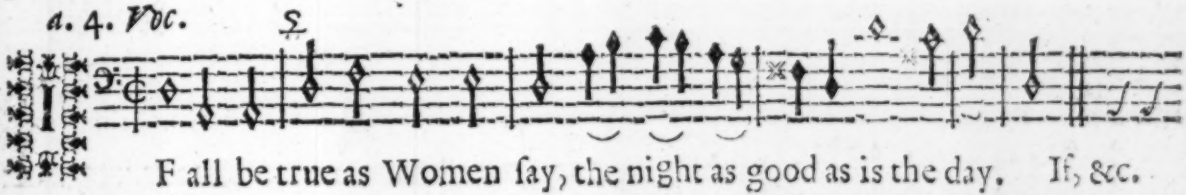

See how Cawoods Dragon looks which frights from far
:S:
the Northen Rooks, which like to fatal Ravens cry Pork,
Pork, Pork to prey upon my Lord of York, but we have guns againſt their Plots
and thoſe that cry Cawood Cawood Cawood fears you not.

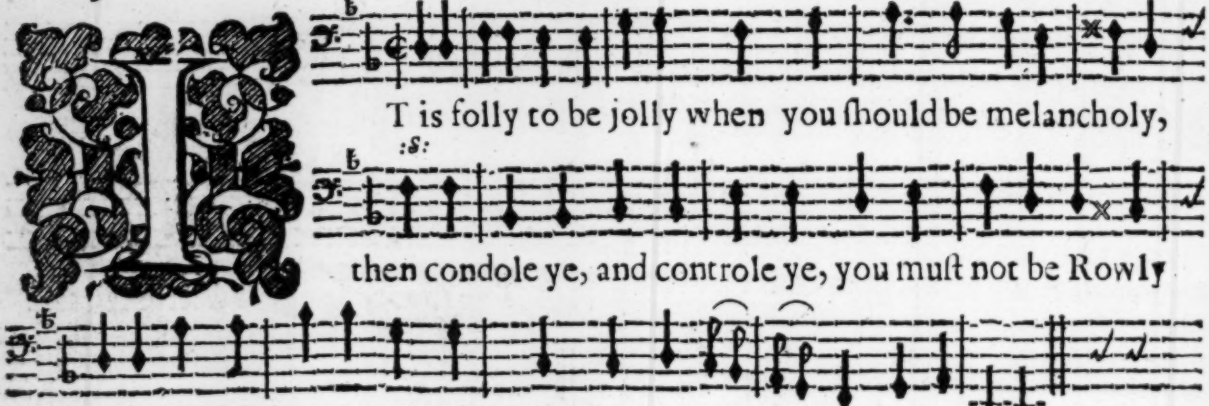

Wilt thou be Fat? I'le tell thee how thou ſhalt quickly do the
:S:
feat, and that ſo plump a thing as thou was never yet, made
up of meat; drink off thy Sack 'twas onely that made *Bacchus* and *Jack Falſtaff*
Fat Fat. wilt, &c.


Now eve-ry Fat man I adviſe that ſcarce can peep out
of his eyes, which being ſet can hardly riſe; drink off
drink off his Sack and freely quaff, 'twil make him lean, but make me laugh to
tell him how 'tis on a ſtaff.

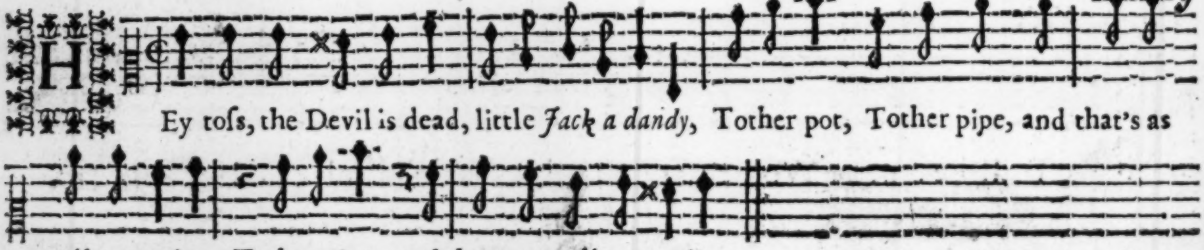

When women a Gossiping meet together, their tongues do run they
wot not whether, their Noses be sharp, their Tongues be long, Twittle twattle
Twittle Twattle Twattle is all their Song. When, &c.

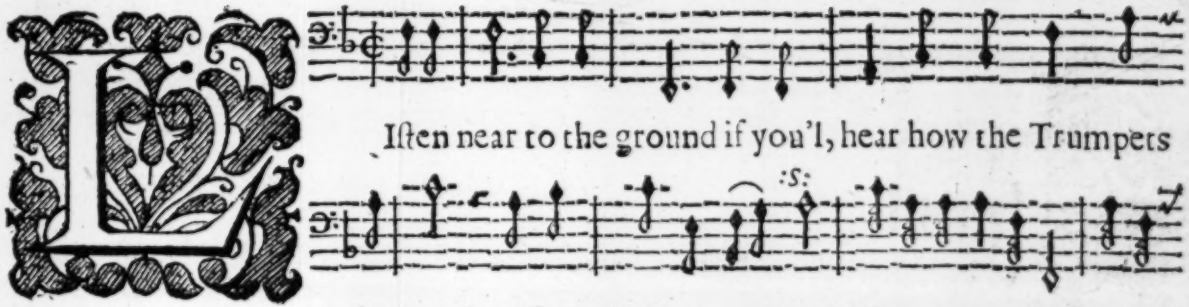
a. 4. Voc.

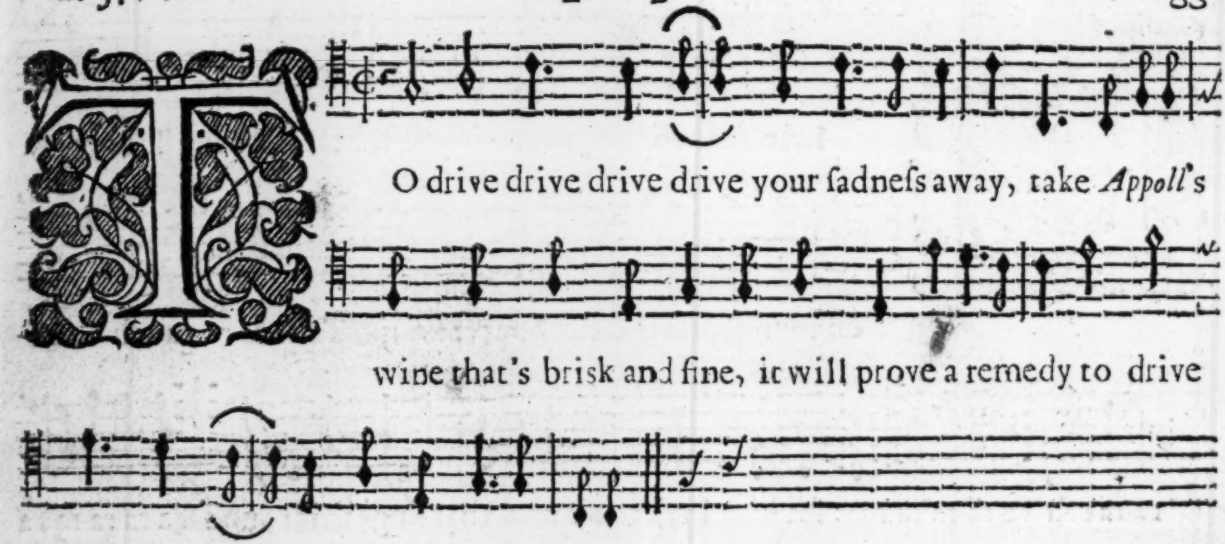

If all be true as Women say, the night as good as is the day. If, &c.



a. 3. *Voc.* :S: Mr. *John Hilton.*



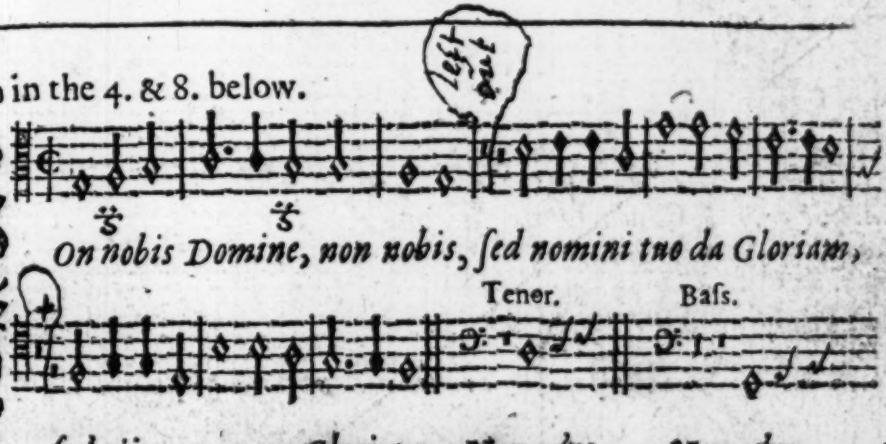

Liſten near to the ground if you'l, hear how the Trumpets
do ſound, and the Ecchoes reſound, Ta ra ra ra ra rah Ta ra-
ra ra rah Ta ra ra ra rah: let him look too't now that ſings this round Ta ra ra ra ra
Ta ra ra ra ra how the Trumpets do ſound & the Hils & the Hils the Hils reſound.


O drive drive drive drive your ſadneſs away, take Appoll's
wine that's brisk and fine, it will prove a remedy to drive
drive drive drive a way your Melancholy. To drive, &c.

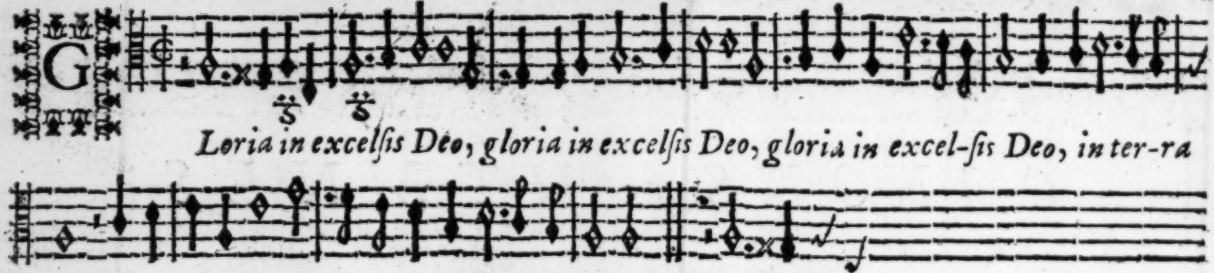
FINIS.

CANONS or HYMNES
OF
Three and Foure Parts in one.

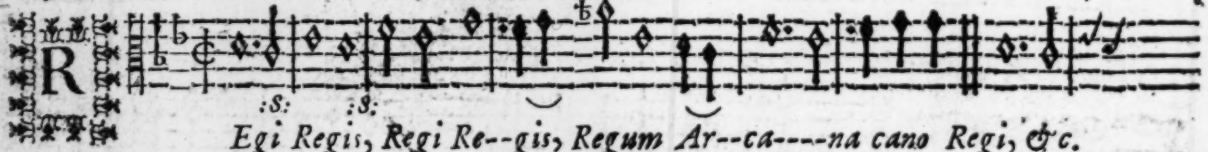
n. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 4. & 8. below.



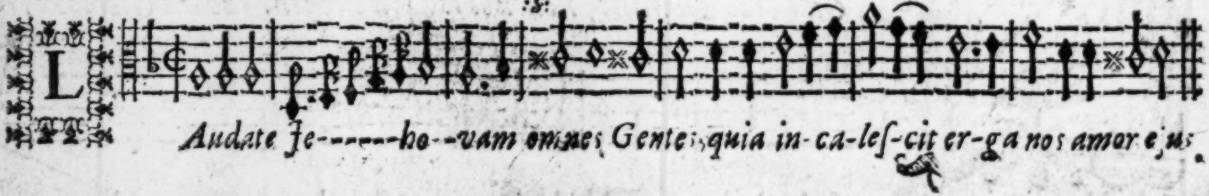
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. and 4. below. [2] Mr. *William Lawes.*



a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 4. & 8. below. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



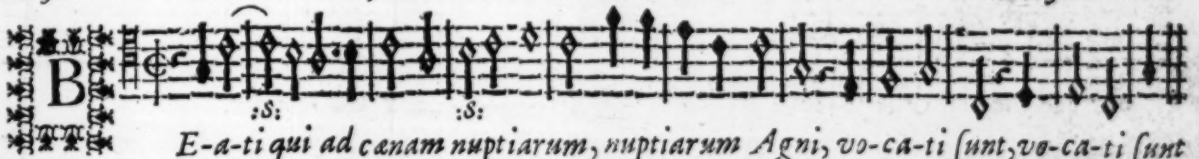
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the 5. & 9. riſing a Note each time.*

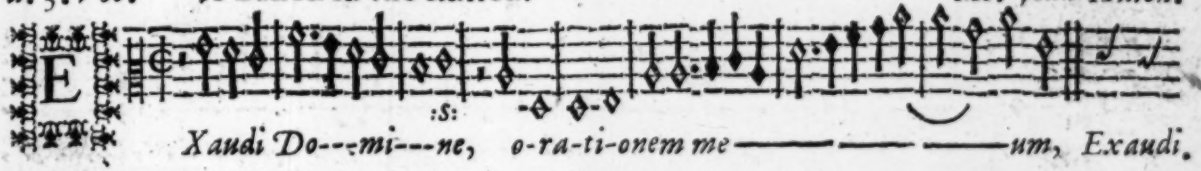
I N te Do-mi-ne ſpe--ra-vi. *In te, &c.* *In te, &c.* *In te, &c.*

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. & in the Uniſon below. Mr. *John Cobb.*



E-a-ti qui ad cænam nuptiarum, nuptiarum Agni, vo-ca-ti ſunt, vo-ca-ti ſunt

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon. Mr. *John Hilton.*

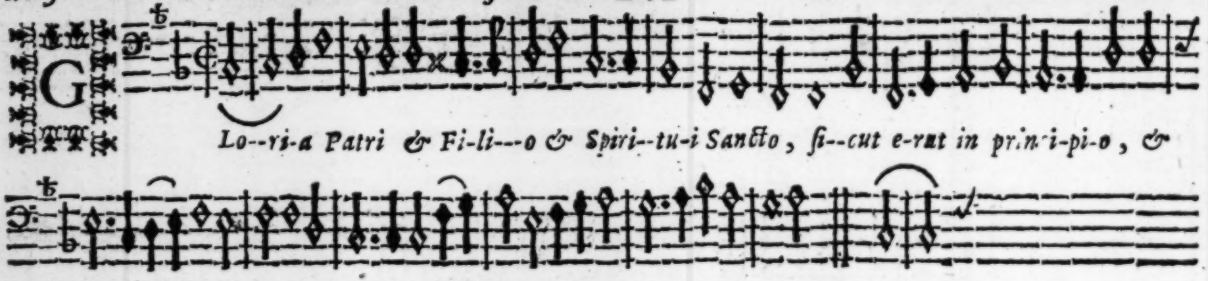


E Xaudi Do---mi---ne, o-ra-ti-onem me —— —— —— um, Exaudi.

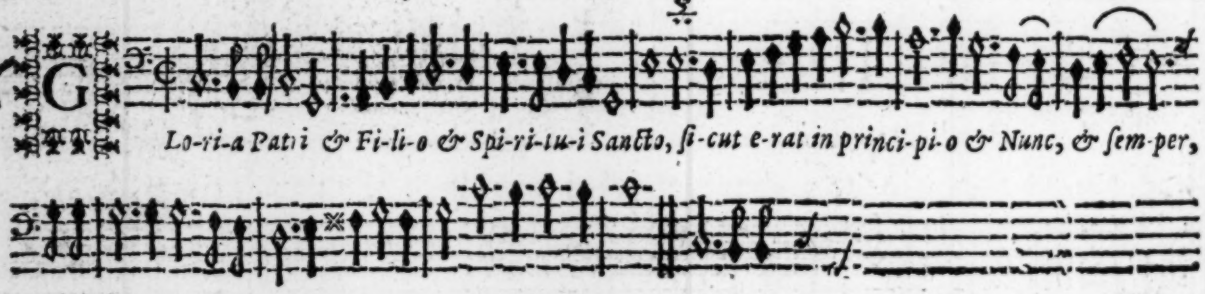
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. above, & 4. below, riſing a Note every time. Mr. *Hilton.*

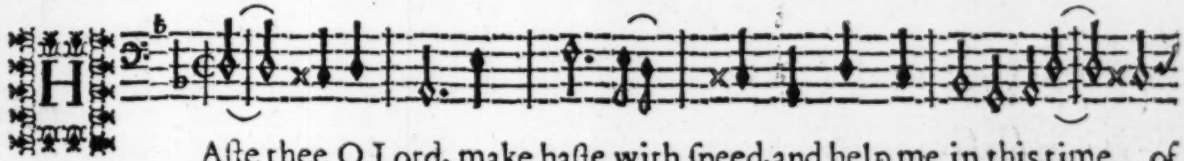
T RElevet MIſerum FAtum SOLi-tumque LAborem. VT, &c.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* [4] Mr. *Edm. Nelham.*

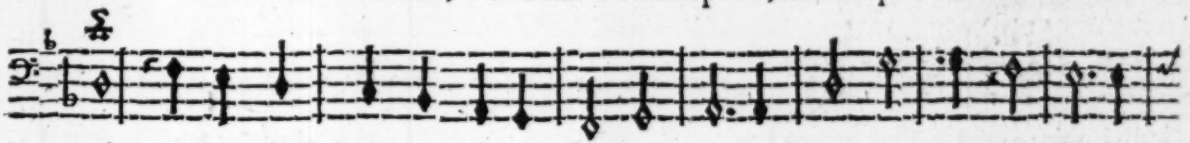


a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *William Ellis.*

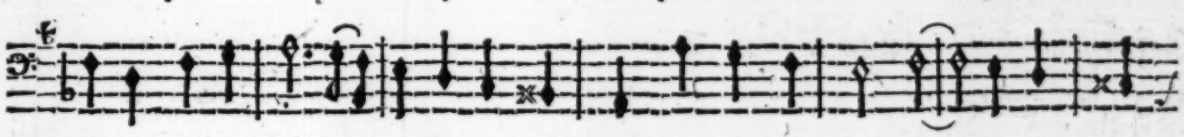




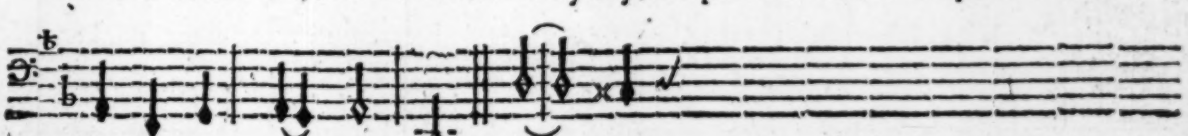
Haſte thee O Lord, make haſte with ſpeed, and help me in this time of



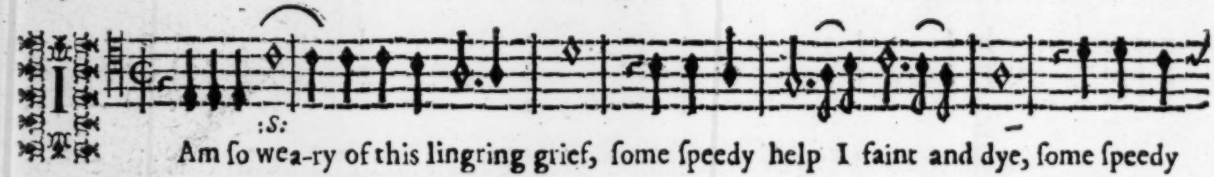
need, my ſoul doth ſink, my forces fail, my wearied arms cannot prevail, the



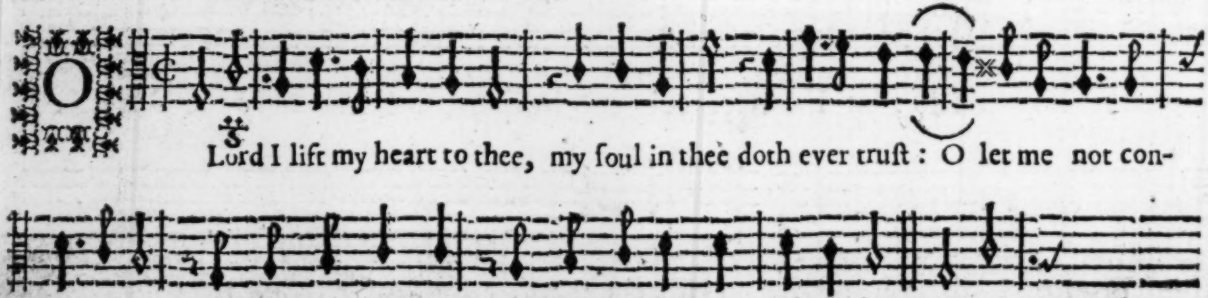
waters flow ſo faſt, that I can ſcarcely cry, help me O Lord, help me O Lord,



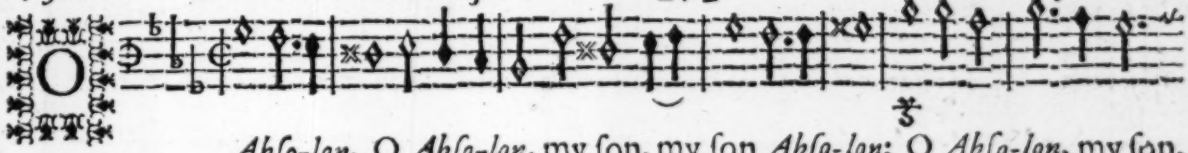
or elſe I drown and dye. Haſte thee, &c.



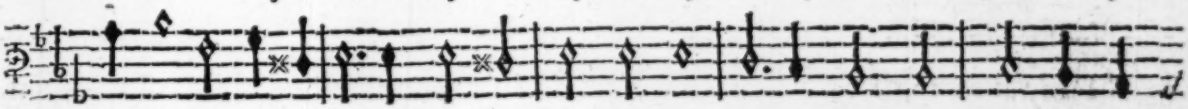
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5 below, the 8 above. Mr. *Thomas Ford.*



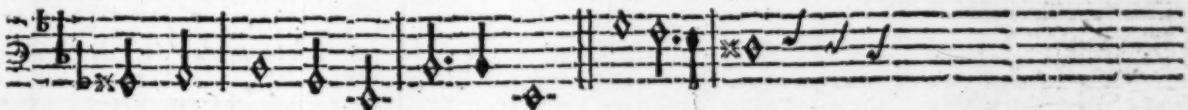
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



O *Abſo-lon*, O *Abſo-lon*, my ſon, my ſon *Abſo-lon*; O *Abſo-lon*, my ſon,

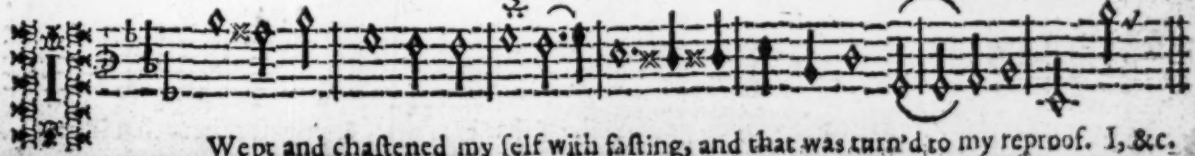


my ſon, O *Abſolon*, my ſon, my ſon, would God I had dy'd, would God I had

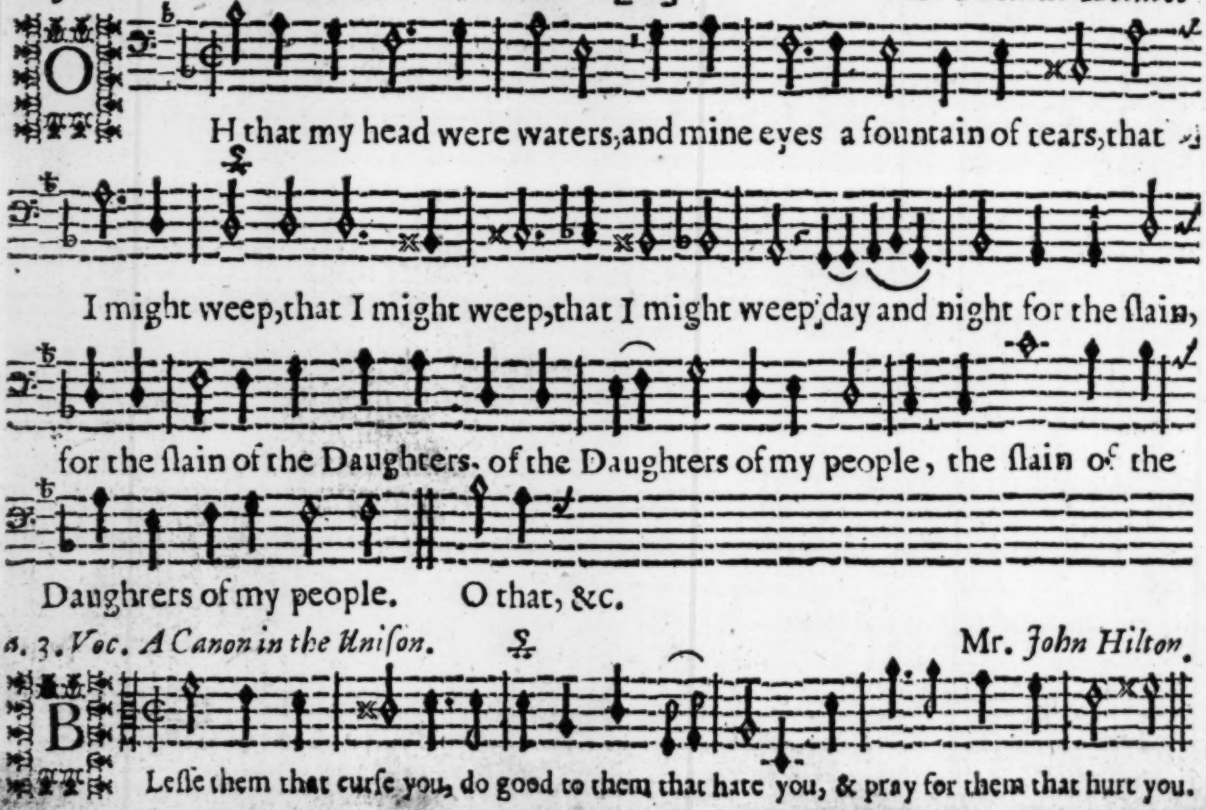


dy'd, would God I had dy'd for thee. O *Abſolon*, &c.

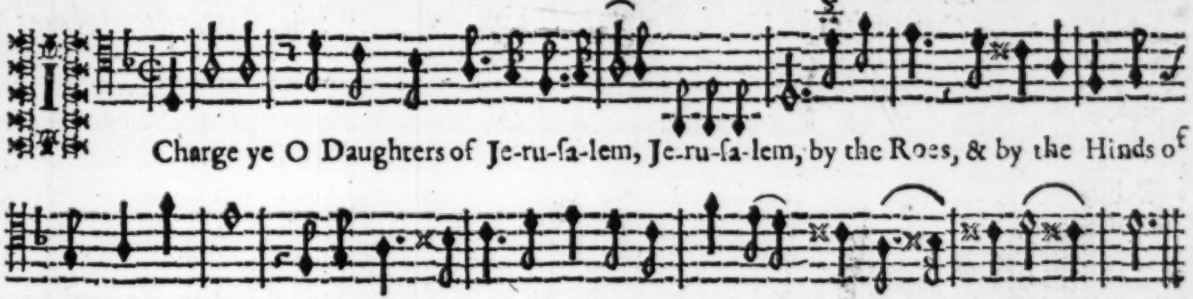
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



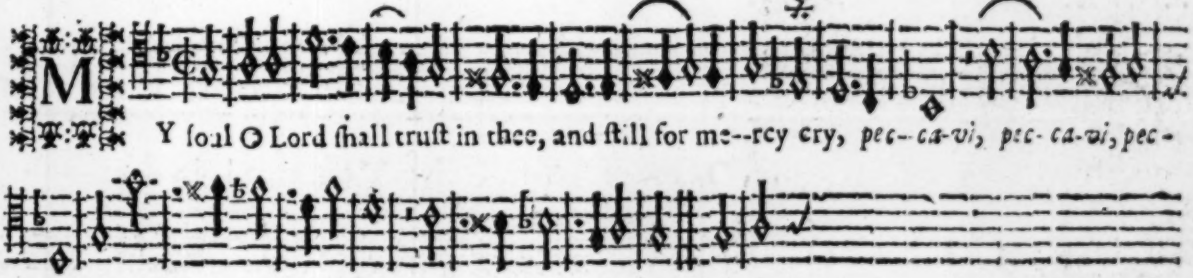
I Wept and chaſtened my ſelf with faſting, and that was turn'd to my reproof. I, &c.



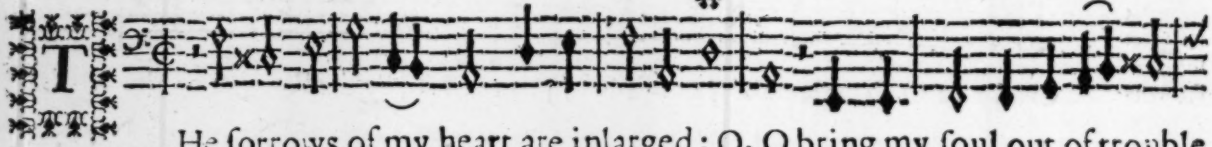
a. 3. *Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *John Hilton.*



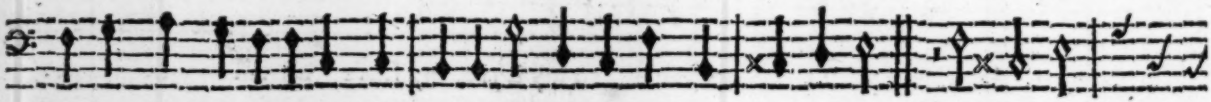
a. 3. *Voc.* *A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *John Hilton.*



a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* [10] Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

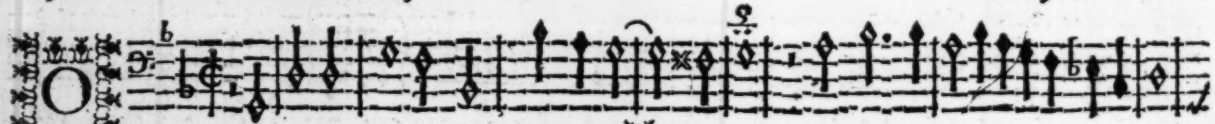


THe ſorrows of my heart are inlarged: O, O bring my ſoul out of trouble

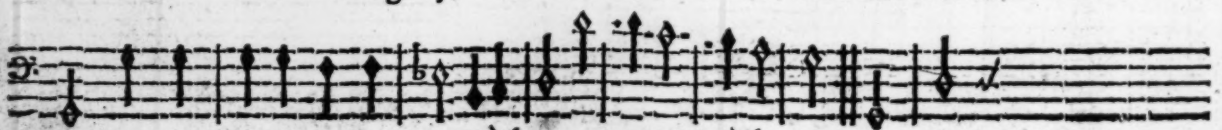


look on mine adverſity and miſery, and forgive me all my ſins. The ſorrows, &c.

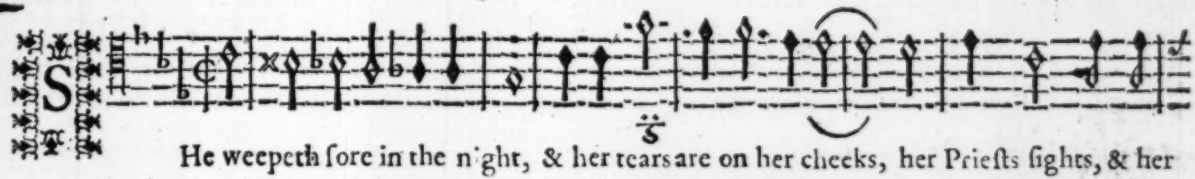
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *John Hilton.*



OLord Almighty, O God of Iſ---ra---el, the ſoul that is in trou------



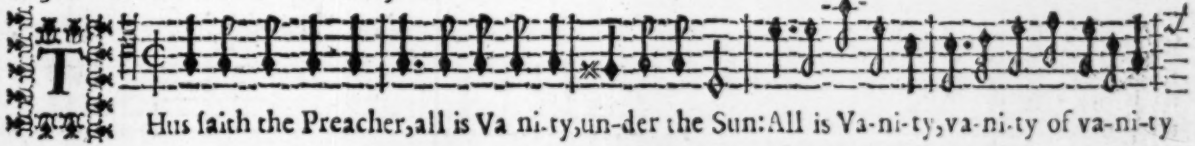
ble, and the ſpirit that is vex----ed, cryeth un--to thee. O Lord, &c.



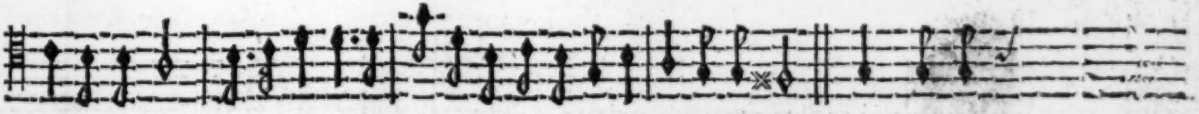
He weepeth ſore in the night, & her tears are on her cheeks, her Prieſts ſighs, & her

Virgins are afflicted, and among all her Lovers ſhe hath none to comfort her. She, &c.

a. 3. *Voc.* *A Canon in the Uniſon.* :S: Mr. *Nelham.*

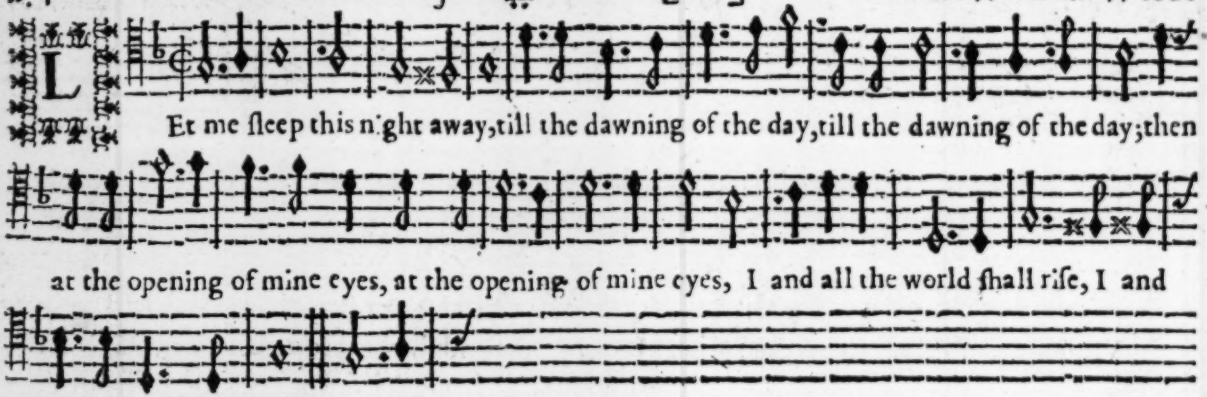


Thus ſaith the Preacher, all is Va ni-ty, un-der the Sun: All is Va-ni-ty, va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty

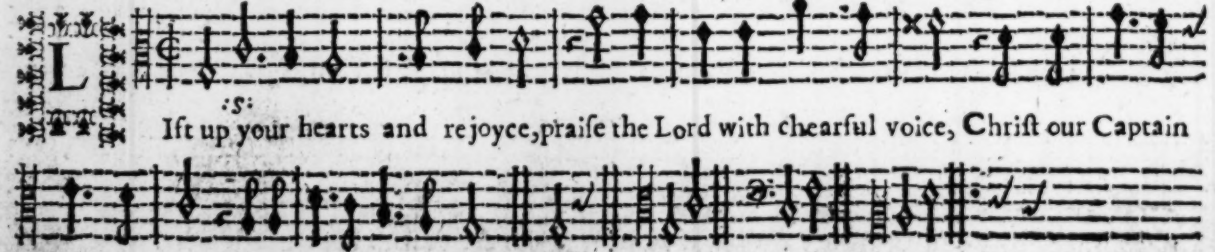


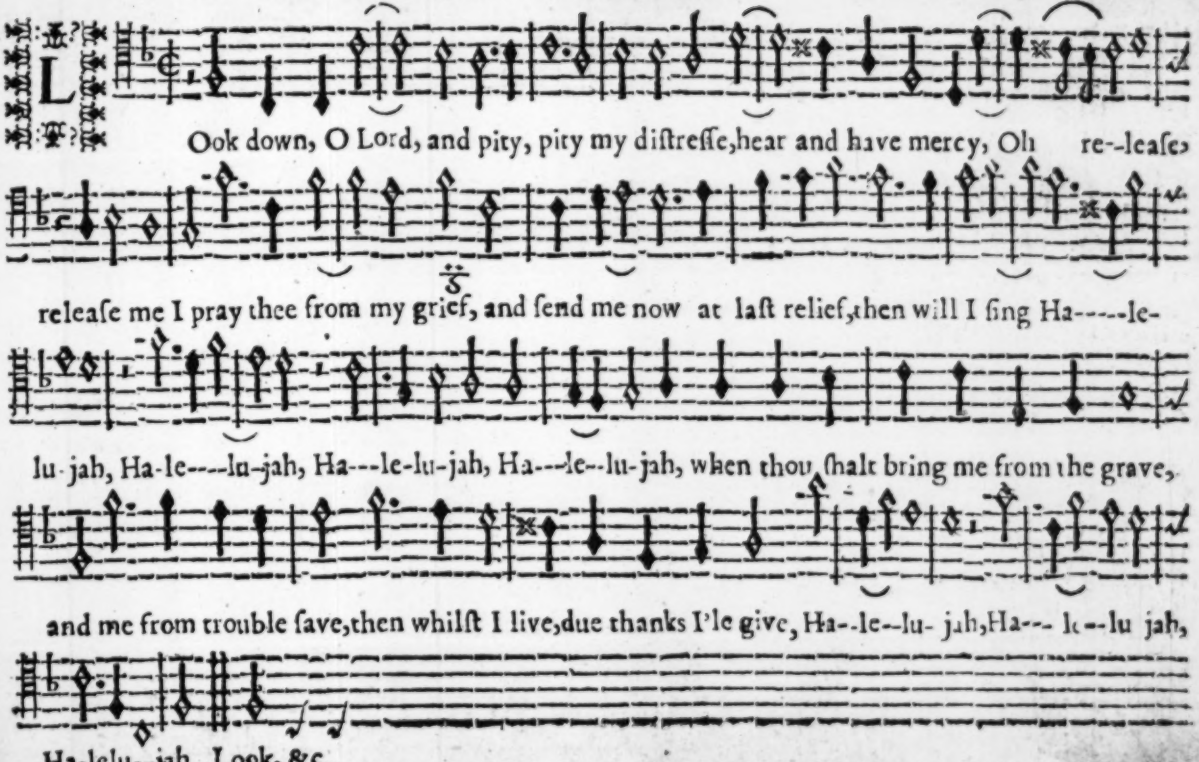
under the Sun; Va-ni-ty all is Va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty under the Sun. Thus ſaith the, &c.

a 4. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon. Mr. *William Webb.*

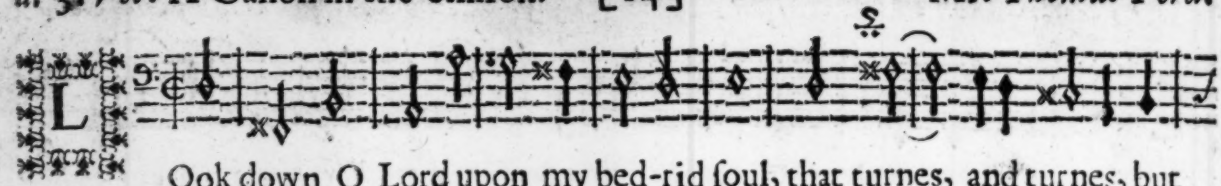


a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. & 8 reſt a Minum, each after other. Tenor begins. Mr. *Ives.*




Look down, O Lord, and pity, pity my diſtreſſe, hear and have mercy, Oh re--leaſe,
releaſe me I pray thee from my grief, and ſend me now at laſt relief, then will I ſing Ha-----le-
lu-jah, Ha-le----lu-jah, Ha---le-lu-jah, Ha---le--lu-jah, when thou ſhalt bring me from the grave,
and me from trouble ſave, then whilſt I live, due thanks I'le give, Ha--le--lu- jah, Ha--- le--lu jah,
Ha-lelu--jah. Look, &c.

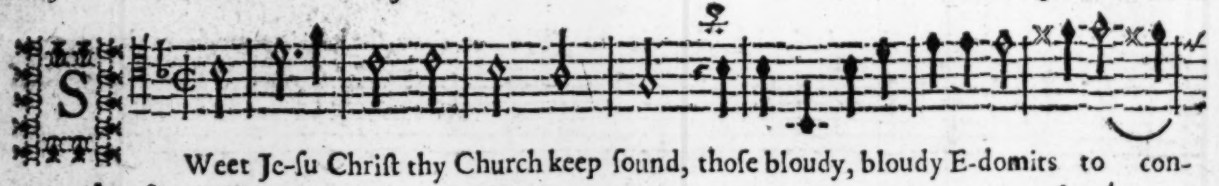
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon. [14] Mr. *Thomas Ford.*



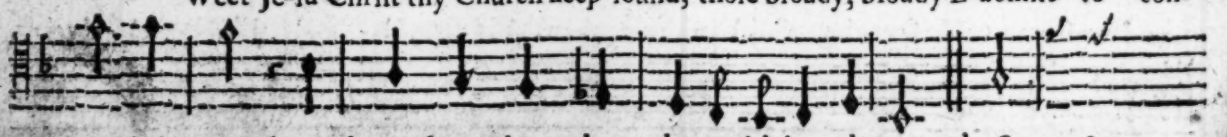
Look down O Lord upon my bed-rid ſoul, that turnes, and turnes, but

finds all reſts controul : Speak Lord, thy talk ſhall make me riſe and walk. Look, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon. Mr. *John Hilton.*

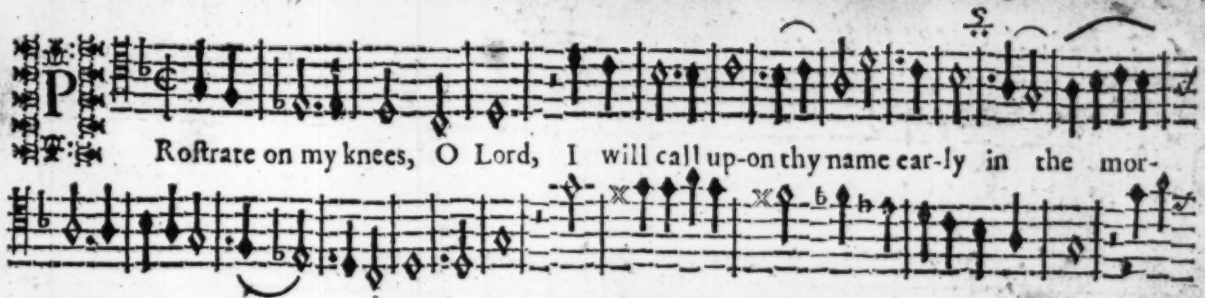


Sweet Je-ſu Chriſt thy Church keep ſound, thoſe bloudy, bloudy E-domits to con-

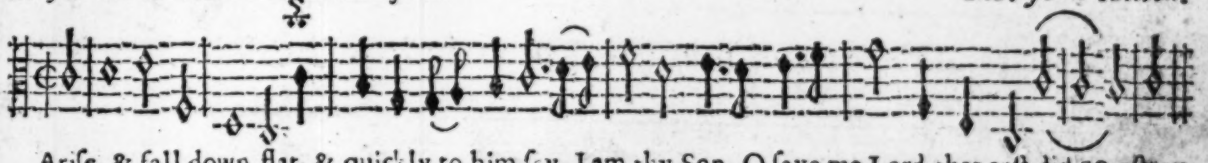


found, that cries down, down, down, down, down, down with it to the gronnd. Sweet, &c.

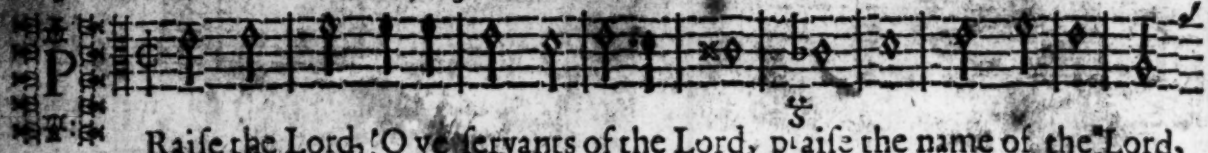
a. 4. *Voc.* A Canon in the Unison. Mr. *John Hilton.*



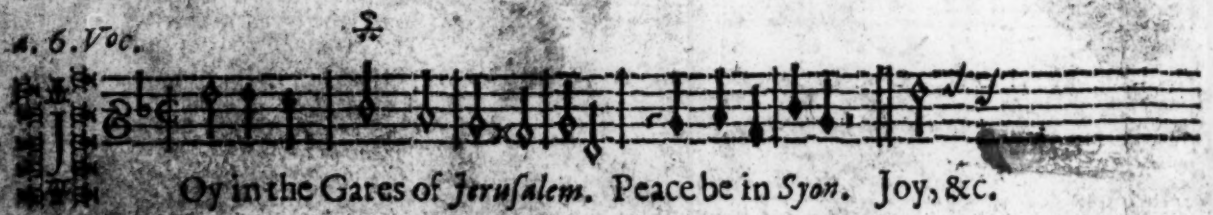
a. 3. *Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon.* Mr. *John Hilton.*



a. 3. *Voc. A Caaon in the Uniſon.* [16] Mr. *William Ellis.*



a. 6. *Voc.*



FINIS.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Catch that Catch can:

OR

A Choice Collection of

CATCHES, ROUNDS, and CANONS:

BEING

Three or Foure Parts in One.

Collected and Publiſhed by JOHN HILTON Batchelor of *Muſick*.

The Second Edition Corrected and Enlarged by J. PLAYFORD.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. G.* for *John Benſon*, and *John Playford*, and are to be ſold at their Shop in St. *Dunſtan's* Churchyard, and in the *Inner Temple* near the Church-dore, 1658.

To all Lovers of Musick.

I Hold it needleſs to boaſt the Approbations that have been formerly given by Great Perſons, both to teſtifie and augment, the Life and Honour of this liberal Science, the earthly ſolace of mans ſoul; and in particular, to delights of this Nature, ſuch as you ſhall find in this ſmall Volumne, which I dare ſtile Muſicall, and in themſelves ſweet and harmonious, and full of harmeleſs Recreation, and to all that love and underſtand Muſick, the true ſence and value of them will ſo appeare; of which I boaſt not, further then you ſhall pleaſe to judge. As for the Rounds, they have, and may ſhift for themſelves; ſo might the Catches too in theſe Times, when Catches *and* Catchers *were never ſo much in requeſt; all kind of* Catches *are abroad;* Catch that Catch may, Catch that Catch can, Catch upon Catch, thine Catch it, and mine Catch it; *And theſe* Catches, *alſo which I have now publiſhed by importunity of Friends to be free for all mens catching; only my wiſhes are, that they who are true Catchers indeed, may catch them for their delight; and may they that deſire to learn, catch them for their inſtruction: But let thoſe that catch at them with detraction (as that is a catching diſeaſe) catch only the fruits of their own Envy. I am confident, they that cannot make better, cannot injure theſe, which your favourable Acceptance may make good to him that is your Friend,*

JOHN HILTON.

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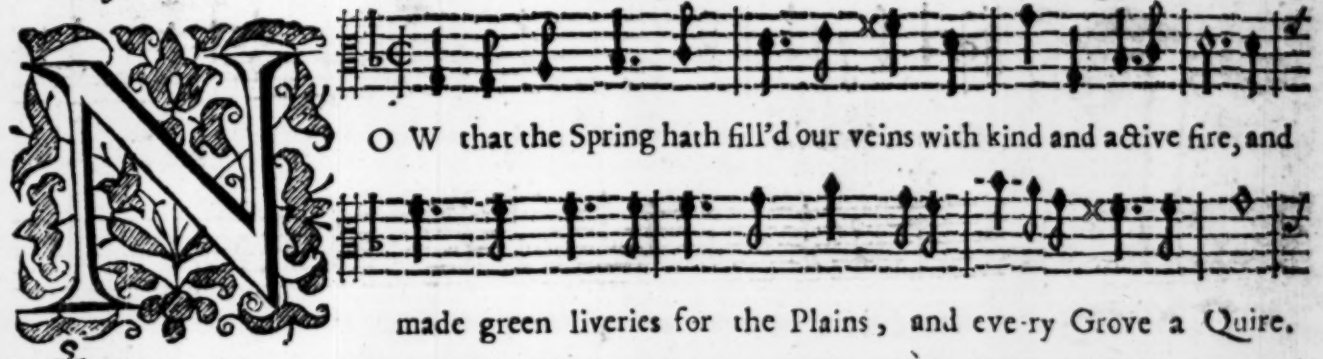
FINIS.

To the Reader.

FOr the Information of ſuch as know not the Nature or manner of ſinging *Catches* or *Canons*, which are, *Three parts in one*; They are to obſerve that the firſt man begins and ſings alone to the ſignature and ſo forward. The ſecond man obſerves that when the firſt is at that Note which has this ſignature over or under it (which is thus marked 𝄋 or thus :S:) then he begins and ſings it round as the firſt did; The third obſerving, that when the ſecond is at the ſame Note with the ſignature over or under it, he begins alſo and ſings as the other, each man ſinging his part round four or five times. *Vale. J. P.*

CAtches are Catches, be they better or worſe,
And theſe may prove hopeful if not ſpoil'd at Nurſe:
It's therefore deſired if any do halt,
That the Judicious may ſet right the Fault,
In time by this means, they may walk without Cruches,
And merrily pleaſe you for your Charge, which not much is.


NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and
made green liveries for the Plains, and eve-ry Grove a Quire.
Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee, and Bacchus crown the bowl, and here's to thee, and
thou to mee, and eve--ry thirsty soul. Share sheep that have them, cry we still, but see that
none escape to take off the Sherry that make us so merry, and plump as the lusty Grape.

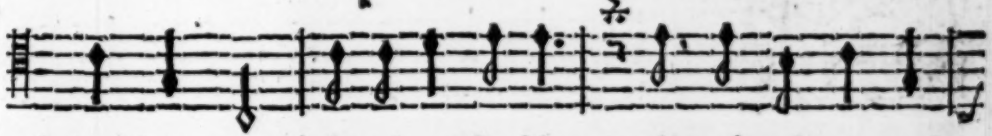
Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again.

Here is a pretty, pretty, pretty, Arbor by, where *Apollo*,

where *Apollo* cannot spy: there let's sit, and whilest I play, sing to my Pipe a

round delay. Turn, &c.

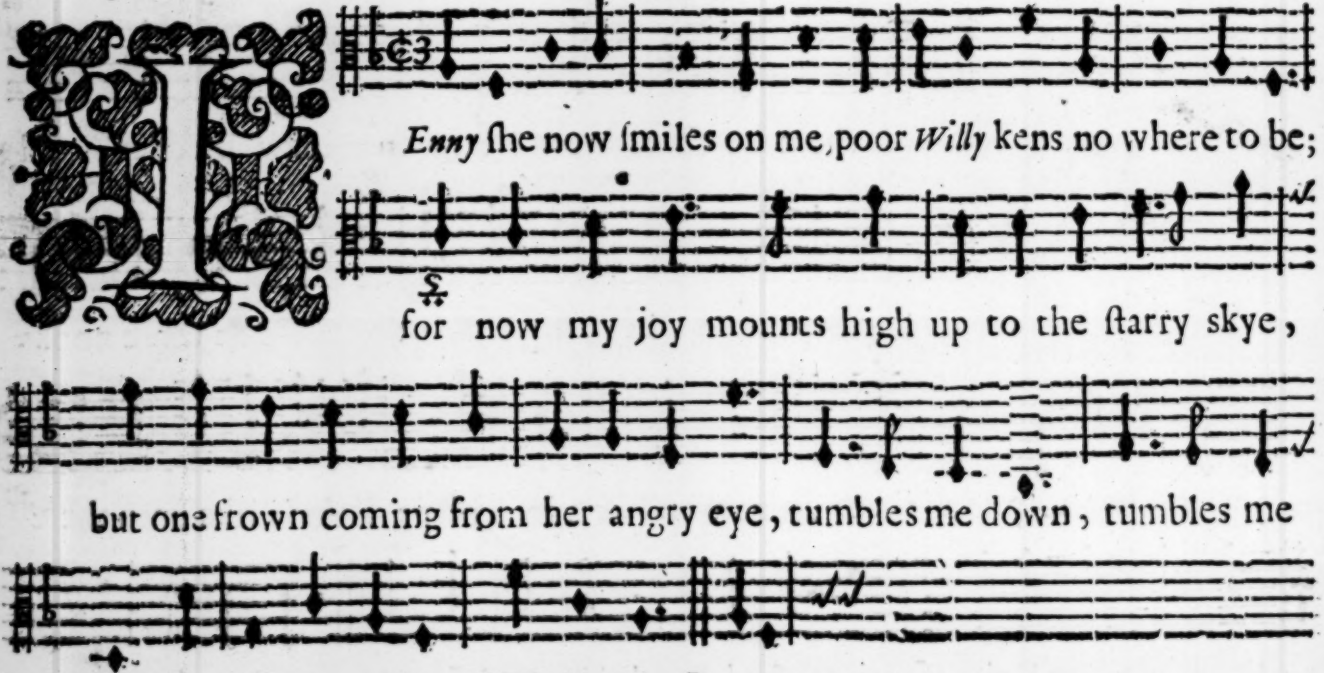
S there be three blew Beans in a blew Bladder, and

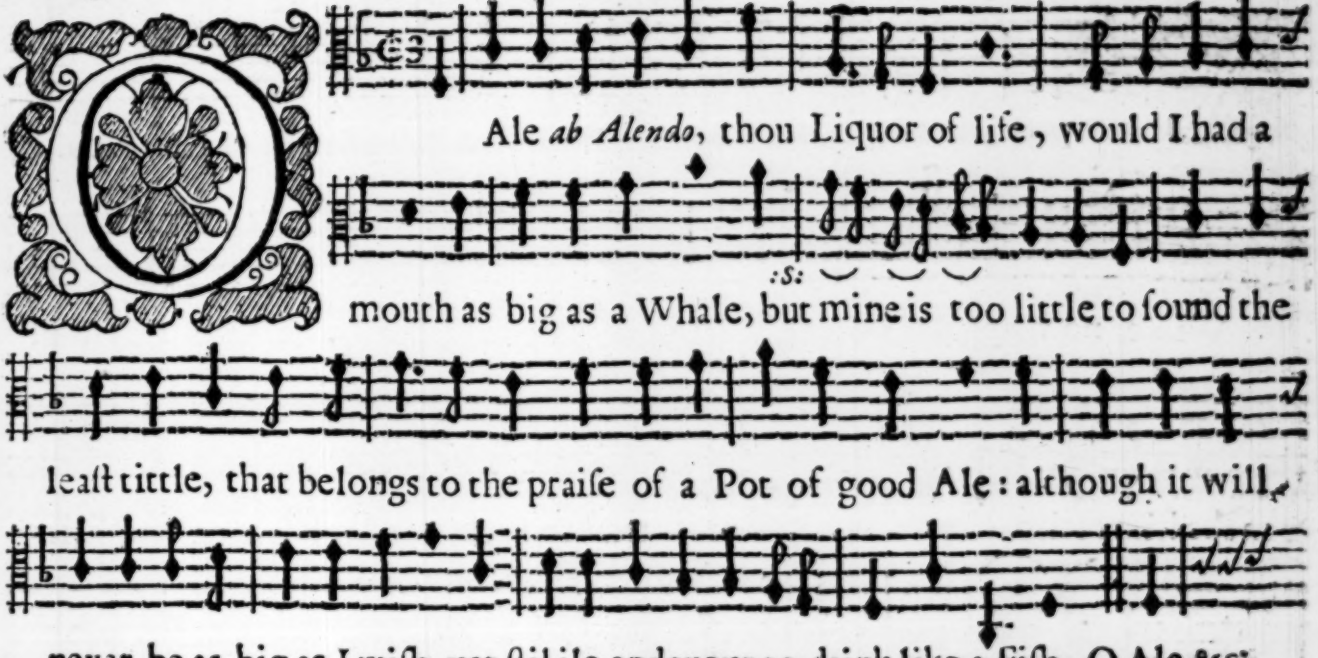


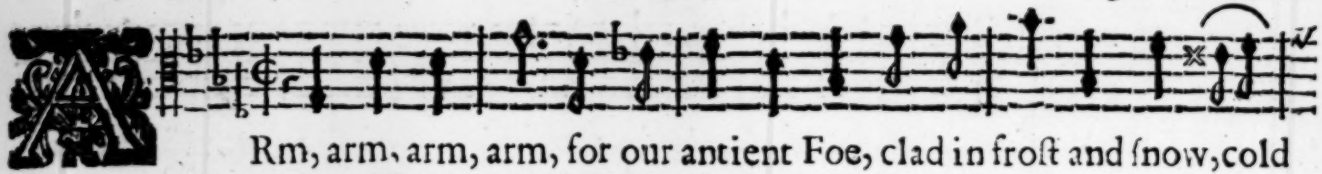
thrice three rounds in a long Ladder: As there be three nooks

in a corner Cap, and three corners and one in a Map: Ev'n ſo like unto theſe

there be three Univerſities, *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and *James*. As there be, &c.

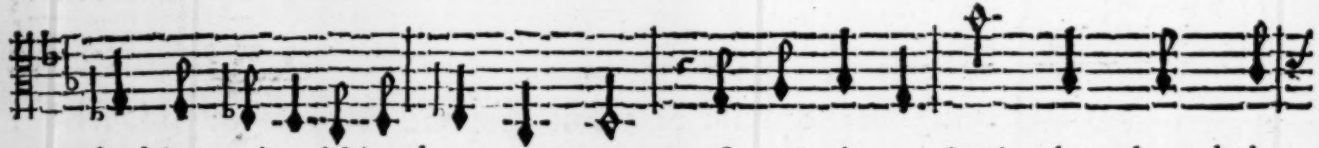

Enny ſhe now ſmiles on me, poor Willy kens no where to be;
for now my joy mounts high up to the ſtarry skye,
but one frown coming from her angry eye, tumbles me down, tumbles me
down, alack poor Willy, there lig I. Jenny, &c.


O Ale ab Alendo, thou Liquor of life, would I had a
mouth as big as a Whale, but mine is too little to sound the
least tittle, that belongs to the praise of a Pot of good Ale: although it will
never be as big as I wish, yet still le endevour to drink like a Fish. O Ale, &c.



Rm, arm, arm, arm, for our antient Foe, clad in froſt and ſnow, cold

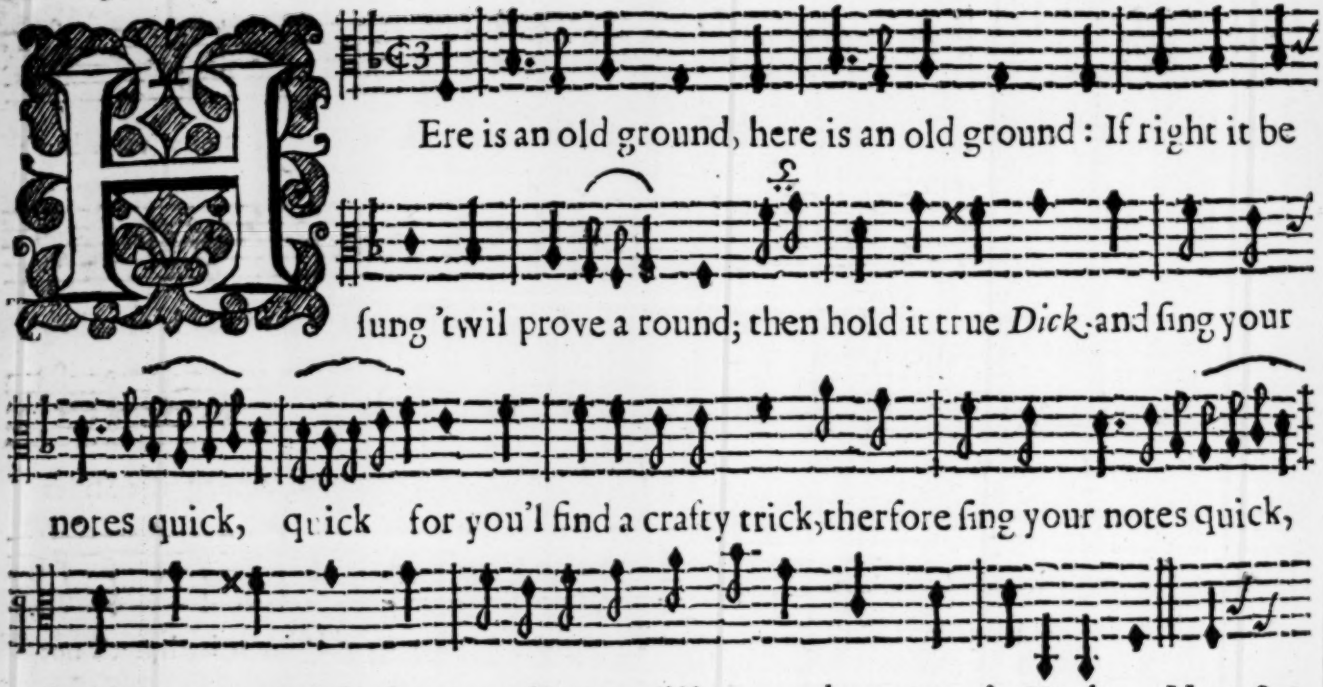
Winter now appears: Here is Wine and fire, on then brave boys, this will

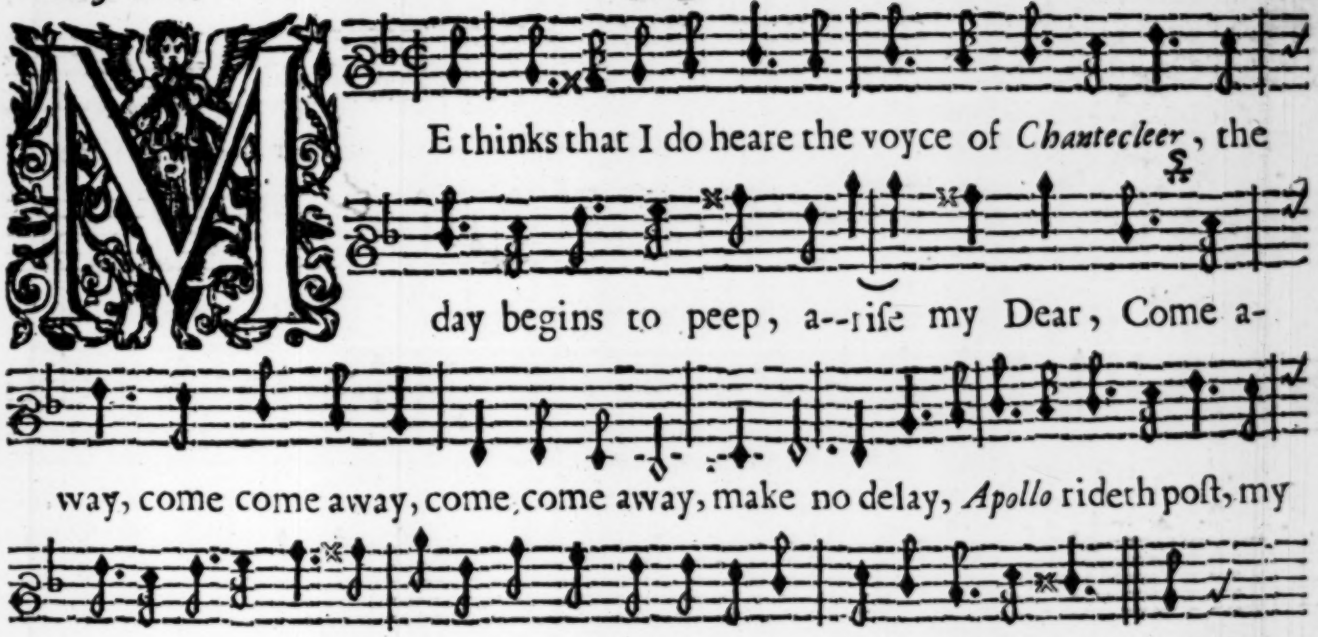


make him retire, if he dare come near; truſt to Sack, not ſteel, what though it

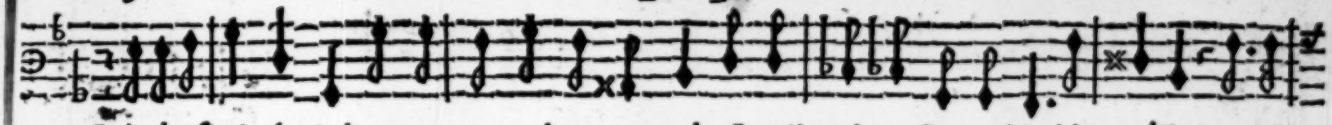
makes you Ree----le, twittle, twattle, fills another pottle. Arm, arm, arm, &c.

Our merry Poets old boys of *Aganippes* Well, full many tales have told boys, whoſe liquor doth excell, and how that place was haunted by thoſe that lov'd good Wine, who tippl'd there and chaunted and chaunted among the Muſes nine, where ſtill they cry'd, Drink cleer boys and you ſhall quickly, quickly know it, that 'tis not lowzy Beer boys, but Wine that makes a Po-et.

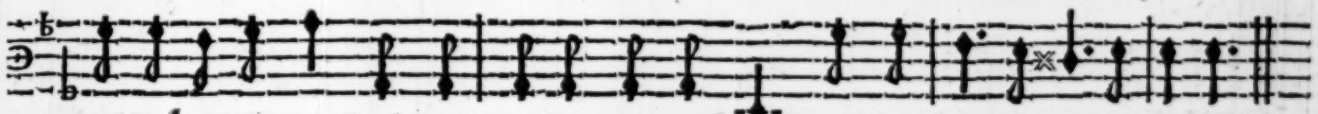

Here is an old ground, here is an old ground: If right it be
ſung 'twil prove a round; then hold it true *Dick*, and ſing your
notes quick, quick for you'l find a crafty trick, therfore ſing your notes quick,
hold true your prick, then merrily we will agree, three parts in U-ni-ty. Here, &c.


ME thinks that I do heare the voyce of Chantecleer, the
day begins to peep, a--riſe my Dear, Come a-
way, come come away, come, come away, make no delay, Apollo rideth poſt, my
love is almoſt loſt, a-laſs, alack, and wel a day, was ever man thus croſt? Me, &c.

Ongſt all thoſe pretious juices afforded for our uſes, ther's none to be compar'd with Sack, for the body or the mind, no ſuch Phyſick you ſhall find; therefore ſee boy we do not lack: Wouldſt thou hit a lofty ſtrain, with this Liquor warm thy brain, and thou Swain ſhalt ſing as ſweet as *Sidney*; Or wouldſt thou laugh and be fat, there's not any like to that, to make *Jack Sprat* a man of Kidney.

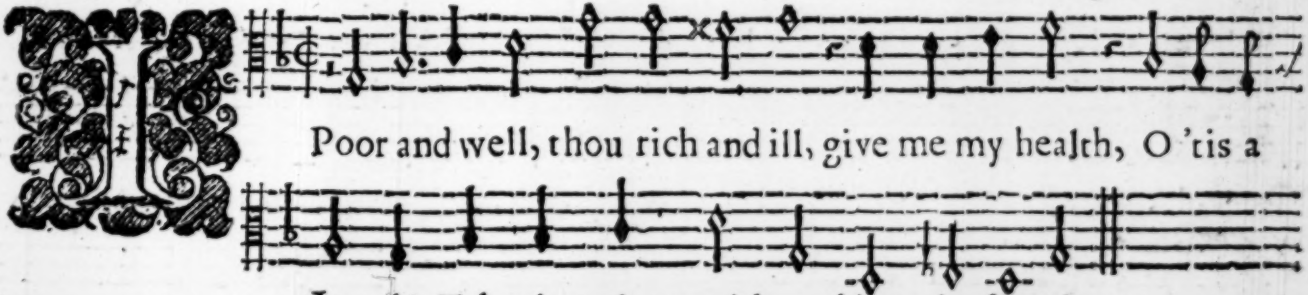


It is the ſoul of mirth to poor mortals upon earth: It wil make a Coward bold as *Hector*; nay I



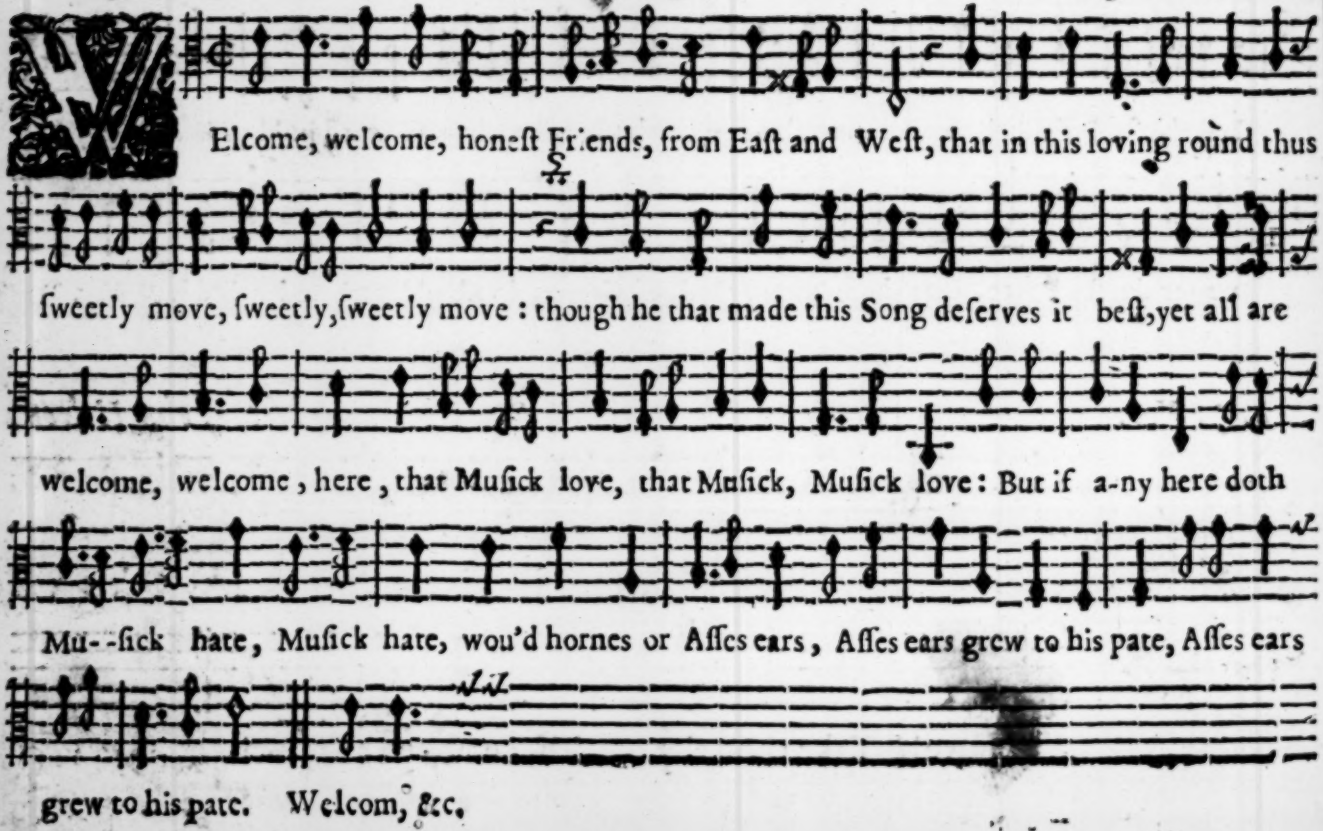
wager durſt a Peece, that thoſe merry Gods of *Greece*, drank old Sack and call'd it *Nectar*.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton*.

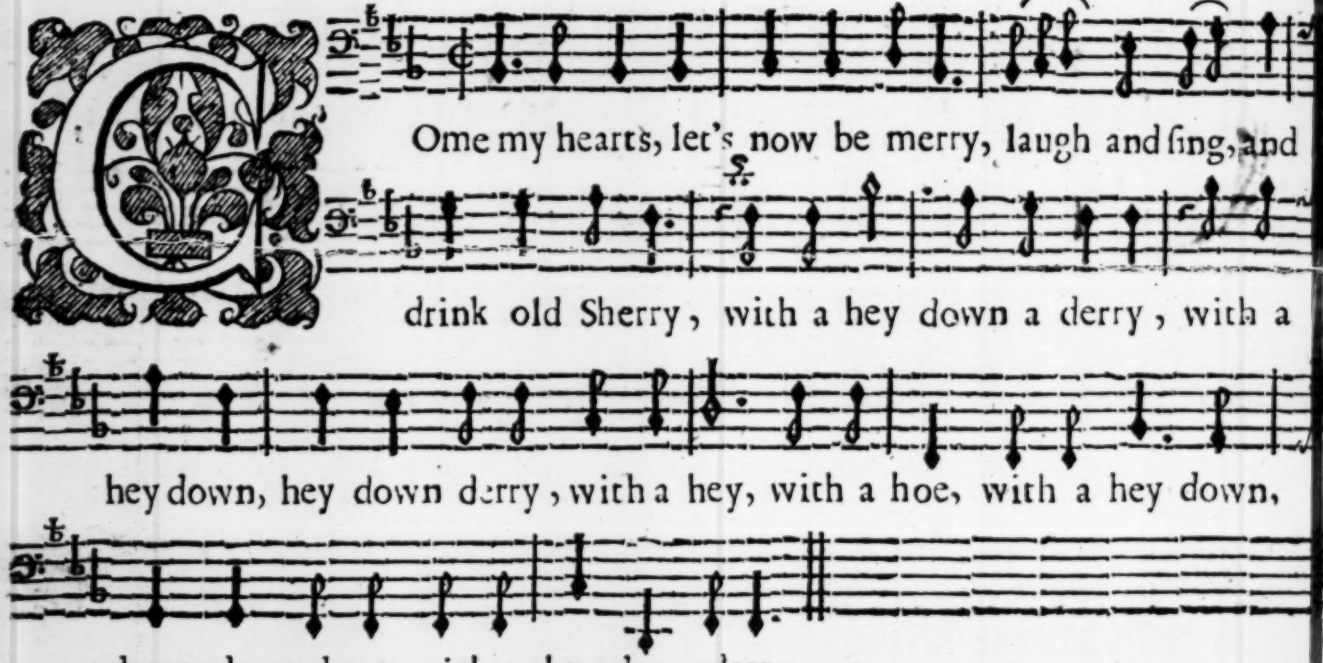


Poor and well, thou rich and ill, give me my health, O 'tis a

Jewel! Take thou thy wealth, and buy the fewel.


Welcome, welcome, honeſt Friends, from Eaſt and Weſt, that in this loving round thus
ſweetly move, ſweetly, ſweetly move: though he that made this Song deſerves it beſt, yet all are
welcome, welcome, here, that Muſick love, that Muſick, Muſick love: But if a-ny here doth
Mu--ſick hate, Muſick hate, wou'd hornes or Aſſes ears, Aſſes ears grew to his pate, Aſſes ears
grew to his pate. Welcom, &c.

Come let us all a Maying go, and lightly, and lightly trip it
to and fro: the Bels ſhall ring a, the Bels ſhall ring, and the
Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo ſing, the Drums ſhal beat, the Fife ſhal play, and
ſo wee'l ſpend our time away. Come let, &c.


Come my hearts, let's now be merry, laugh and sing, and
drink old Sherry, with a hey down a derry, with a
hey down, hey down derry, with a hey, with a hoe, with a hey down,
down, down derry, with a hey down derry.

Come follow, follow mee, come follow, follow mee, & we will to the Tavern go with

mirth and merry glee: we'l each man take his Cup, what ever us be-fall, and

we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: then let us merry be, be merry my noble

hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry, and we'l sing well our parts. Come, &c.